OUR PORTS: TERROR'S NEXT TARGET?

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JANUARY 2004

The Subtle Science of Reading Faces

AMERICAN TORIES: STILL LOYAL TO THE CROWN

Found! The Best Hollywood Photographs You've Never Seen

Puerto Rico's Vieques: Navy Out; Tourists In

RESTLESS ARTIST JAMES ROSENQUIST STILL THINKS BIG

One Family's Incredible Journey: Somalia to Arizona

TOP DOGS
AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD

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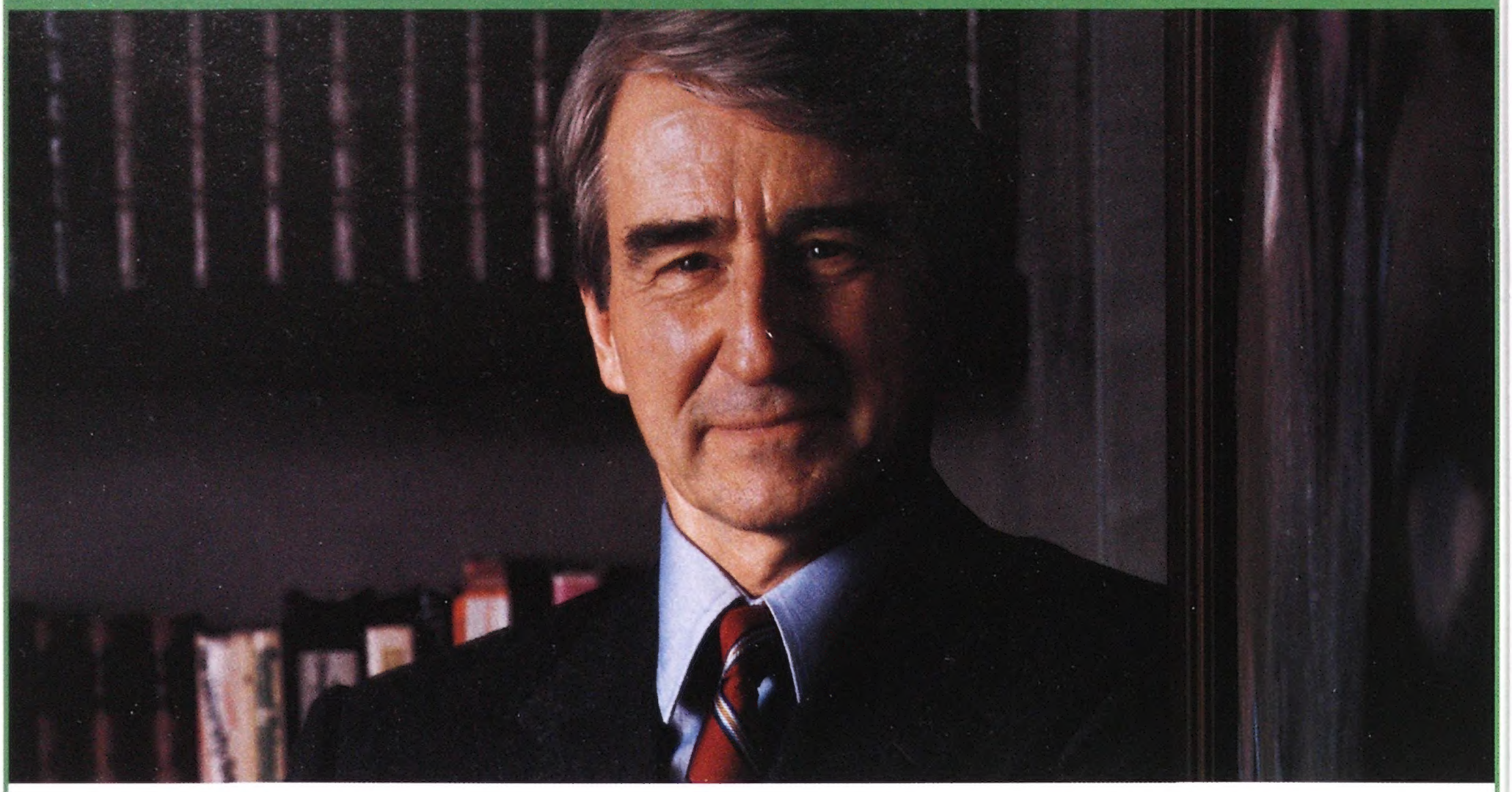

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Smithsonian
JANUARY 2004 VOLUME 34, NUMBER 10

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— *"READING FACES," PAGE 44*

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76 Until 2003, Puerto Rico's Vieques island was a practice range for bombs.

52 The Lamungas spent 12 years in refugee camps in Kenya before coming to Phoenix.

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JANUARY 2004 VOLUME 34, NUMBER 10

DEPARTMENTS

"THERE HE IS, a thin young man dressed in a white shirt and dark pants squaring off against a line of tanks, a lone human figure daring a great nation's military to mow him down in plain sight."

— *"PROFILE IN COURAGE,"* PAGE 17

13 Still crazy (about spinach) after all these years: Popeye the Sailor Man turns 75 this month.

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21 The call of the tiny coqui frog can reach 90 decibels, as loud as a garbage disposal unit.

29 An innovative exhibit designer, James McNeill Whistler (here, his *Pink Note-Shelling Peas* c. 1883), overlooked no detail when setting up his shows, even selecting the flowers for a vase.

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104 THE LAST PAGE *Say Again?*

ON THE COVER The Polar Inuit of Greenland (crossing Baffin Bay in search of seal, walrus and polar bear) are the only Inuit people to still hunt primarily with dog sleds. *PHOTOGRAPH BY LAYNE KENNEDY*

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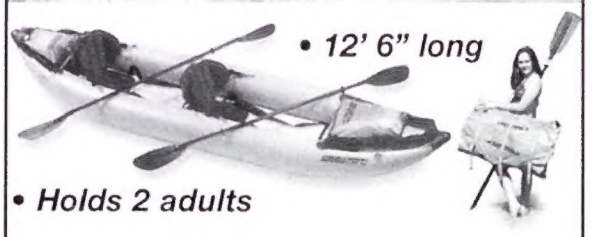

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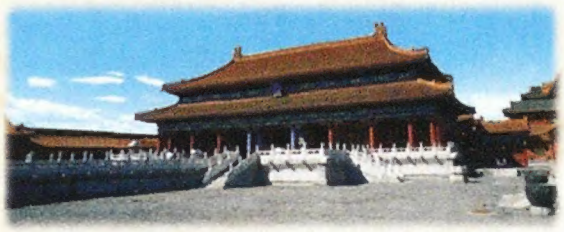

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AMERICA
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Variety Show

Off and running in the new year ~ BY CAREY WINFREY

AS SOMEONE constitutionally disposed to find fault with every issue of this magazine, I have to admit I'm almost pleased with this one. There's a nice mix—something, if you'll forgive the cliché, for everyone. Well, *almost* everyone. (Nothing, rest assured, about Britney Spears or Justin Timberlake.)

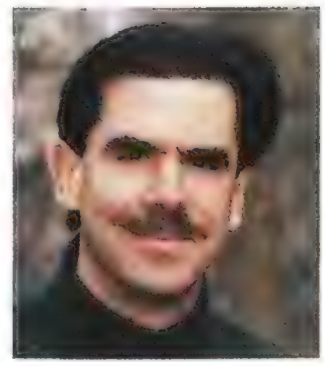
Jaynes: Impressed.

Gregory Jaynes' article ("Coming to America," p. 52) about a Somali Bantu refugee family uprooted from a 19th-century culture in East Africa and plopped down in 21st-century Phoenix, Arizona, gives new meaning to the phrase culture shock. Says Jaynes: "Of the many admirable qualities the Lamungu family possesses—courage, resilience and extraordinary patience—the one that impressed me most is dignity. Still unaccustomed to electric lights, all of them sit quietly in the self-imposed darkness of their living room. As the father, Hassan, tells the story of their awful odyssey—softly, never raising his voice—they are rapt."

John Ross' cover story about Inuit dogs ("Top Dogs," p. 34) tells us quite a bit about some remarkable animals and the people whose survival still depends on them. To get the story, Ross spent nine days on a seal hunt in Greenland in April. "We were coldest when we jumped off the sleds," Ross reports. "Then it hurt." At one stop, Ross says, an Inuit hunter pulled out "a large halibut, as flat and hard as a board, and carved off pieces with his knife. Sushi popsicles. Delicious."

In researching "Reading Faces" (p. 44), Richard Conniff wanted to attend a seminar for government security employees about how to identify human expressions. Until, that is, he got an e-mail saying someone from the Office of the National Counterintelligence Executive would have to review any article he might write about it. Needless to say, he declined. Even so, he got a terrific piece about something we should all be able to do—but can't.

Shane Dubow's take on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques, where protests led last year to the U.S. Navy's departure after 62 years, is hardly your typical travel story ("Vieques on the Verge," p. 76). Then again, Vieques is not your typical Caribbean island. "A visit is frontier-esque," says Dubow, "because it involves stopping your car for wild horses or wandering cows or oblivious chickens. You also need to be careful lest you find yourself in a hill-top hotel that happens to be for sale and gets you to thinking about starting over as a Vieques hotelier."



Montaigne: Motivated.

And who knew that descendants of American Tories—Loyalists in the Revolutionary War—are still at it, toasting King George and boasting, in the words of a Canadian historian, that they "have more in common with New Zealand than New Hampshire." The story grew out of a luncheon David DeVoss attended a couple of years ago in Pasadena, California, with people from New Brunswick, Canada—a province settled and still populated by "the forgotten people of the American Revolutionary War," says DeVoss, who hurried home to his son's eighth-grade history book. "In the chapter on the American Revolution," he adds, "Tories were accorded two sentences." In "Divided Loyalties" (p. 62), we give them their due.

Bruce Watson got to hang out with James Rosenquist at the artist's modest home in Aripeka, Florida ("Big!" p. 70). At dinner with some local fishermen, says Watson, "Rosenquist shared stories about fishing and drinking, and you never would have known that he used to whoop it up with Andy Warhol on art's cutting edge."

Then there's Barry Avrich's charming piece on the late photographer Jack Pashkovsky, whose rarely seen shots of Hollywood in the 1930s, '40s and '50s seem to capture the stars with their hair—and guard—down ("Shooting Stars," p. 84).

Avrich: Charmed.

And finally, consider Fen Montaigne's report ("Policing America's Ports," p. 90) on the nation's seaports and their vulnerability to terrorist attack. "To sift through countless thousands of containers stacked on boats and wharves and find the one that might hold a nuclear or chemical weapon is a monumental task," says Montaigne. He asked inspectors how they managed to stay pumped up when, day after day, they find nothing related to terrorism. "They all said that 9/11 is the great motivator, so they keep searching, hoping that the absence of terrorist weapons is proof of a strong deterrent—and not a sign that a bomb has slipped through the cracks."

As I was saying, quite a nice lineup this month. Hope you agree, and sorry about Britney.

MADELINE JONES DAVID HAYS NATIONAL

Fascinating Relics

Smithsonian's wide-ranging mummy collection still speaks to us from centuries past

THERE ARE MUMMIES by design and mummies by accident. The best-known mummies, human and animal, are probably those that underwent elaborate embalming and burial procedures in ancient Egypt. Indeed, for most people, the word "mummy" is pretty much synonymous with the Egyptian variety. But culturally induced mummification has been practiced throughout history—by the Chinese, the Incas and the Alaskan Aleuts, for example. Then, too, nature sometimes takes its own unpredictable course toward desiccation: in a display case in the middle of the room where scientists at the National Museum of Natural History (NMNH) store the Smithsonian's collection of mummified remains, there lies a mummy who wears not the bandages of old Egypt but knee-high stockings, and whose home was late-18th-century Philadelphia. Soon after burial, water seeped into the fellow's casket, and through a natural chemical process of hydrolysis working on body fat, the corpse was saponified—turned into soap. The accidental mummy was found by accident, too, in the 1870s, when the grave site was cleared for construction in old downtown Philadelphia.

There are larger mummy collections than the Smithsonian's, but few, if any, are more representative. In addition to Egyptian specimens—5 intact and another 15 to 20 that were disassembled and autopsied by researchers years ago—NMNH keeps remains from Mexico, New Mexico, Peru, Brazil, New Zealand, New Guinea and the Aleutian Islands. Nearly all of the museum's 36 Aleutian mummies date from expeditions to Alaska in the 1870s and the 1930s. The intent is not to exploit any of these individuals for display but to learn from them about the past, about cultural practices, ecology, diet, pathways of disease, patterns of migration. The Aleutian remains, for instance, have been helpful to research on the peopling of the Americas—who came first to the continents, and when, and how?—questions that now are being investigated in collaboration with native groups.

David Hunt (left) and Bruno Frohlich prepare the Soapman for a CT scan.

But the study of all such remains puts them at risk—of physical invasion, through autopsies, and of spiritual invasion, through insufficient regard for a people's religious beliefs. The pioneering work of NMNH anthropologists Bruno Frohlich and David Hunt seeks to avoid invasiveness of any kind. Their research has its basis in computerized axial tomography, a weighty term for a technology with a touch so light as to be imperceptible: the CAT scan, the same X-ray process that has revolutionized medical practice. Thanks to the generosity of the Siemens Corporation, NMNH now has a scanner of its own (the only museum to have one), and mummified remains can be read and studied while left completely intact. Thus, mummies wrapped in furs, skins and blankets of grass, and resting in backpacks and bundles, enter the white cave of the scanner, and the scanned images reveal the integrity or deterioration of joints and teeth, the erosion of nasal bones (ravaged perhaps by disease), and objects familiar from life, as small as decorative beads, placed with the body to ease its final journey. And every bundle emerges from the scanner unharmed.

Contrast this with practices of decades past. The collection includes the disjointed pieces of an Egyptian mummy, identified years ago through destructive autopsy as a teenage girl who died in childbirth with the child still inside her. What seem at first glance, and second, too, no more than wooden chips near the larger pieces of the body are the remains of the baby. Today, there would be no need to unwrap or disassemble the mummy to learn her story. Technology has given us a better means of conducting this sort of inquiry into the past and writing the history of individuals who, all unwittingly, have become ambassadors from their civilizations to a later time. In the mummies' stillness, our careful researchers detect movement; in their silence, they hear life.

Lawrence M. Small
SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

HUGH LAUMAN / S.I. BRUNO FROHLICH

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Readers respond to the November issue:

REMEMBERING JFK

AS A U.S. NAVY PT boat skipper, I was there the day JFK ("The President's Been Shot") first arrived on Tulagi, in the Solomon Islands, in April of 1943. When his boat (PT-109) was rammed in the destroyer attack on August 1, 1943, the explosion was so huge none of us thought he could have survived. I was on the boat that rescued him a week later, and I heard from his crew how Kennedy, miles behind enemy lines, crawled, swam and stumbled across sharp reefs to save his men. Later, he volunteered for a dangerous mission to rescue trapped marines in broad daylight with enemy airfields in the area. All of us in PT boats who knew him thought he was a fine Naval officer who served with courage and honor. It

seems so unfair that he faced death so many times in the war, only to be killed right here in America.

THEODORE M. ROBINSON
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

IN NOVEMBER 1963 I was a freshman in college. Like millions of others in America and around the world, my family watched the events following the assassination on TV. JFK's legacy? No great legislation, but a desire for America to be better, to do better. I didn't become rich or famous, but I spent two years in the Peace Corps, and taught for 34 years.

MARGO L. ALLEN
LAGUNA WOODS, CALIFORNIA

IT WAS OBVIOUS from the collected responses to President Kennedy's death that, despite differing opinions and competing political agendas, he had a profound effect on this country, which has felt a sense of loss ever since. Having read nearly all of Tom Clancy's books, I was somewhat shocked by his reflection, which was unimaginative, contradictory and crass. To the maga-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Sorry WE'RE CLOSED
OPEN
Prostatectomy
- Months of recovery
- Higher risk of impotence
- Higher risk of incontinence
TheraSeed®
- One happy significant other
- Approximately 45 minute procedure
- Recovery in about 2-3 days
If you've been diagnosed with prostate cancer, you should know about TheraSeed® treatment, a minimally invasive outpatient procedure that works with a lower risk of incontinence and impotence than surgery. And the cure rates* reported for TheraSeed® treatment are comparable to or better than surgery, supported by 10-year independent clinical studies.[1,2] Make sure you're getting treatment with a proven seed. To find out more, call 800.458.4372 or visit www.theraseed.com for a free video.
TheraSeed
* Biochemical disease-free survival
1 Peschel RE, Colbern JW. Surgery, brachytherapy, and external-beam radiotherapy for early prostate cancer. Lancet Oncol 2003; 4: 233-41
2 The most commonly reported side effects of prostate brachytherapy are short-term urinary or obstructive symptoms within the first few weeks after the implant procedure
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THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

JANUARY ANNIVERSARIES—MOMENTOUS OR MERE[illegible]LE

40 YEARS AGO: OVERCOMING
The January 1964 ratification of the 24th Amendment bans poll taxes, designed to keep black citizens from voting, from federal elections. "There can be no one too poor to vote," says Lyndon Johnson, who signs the Voting Rights Act in 1965.

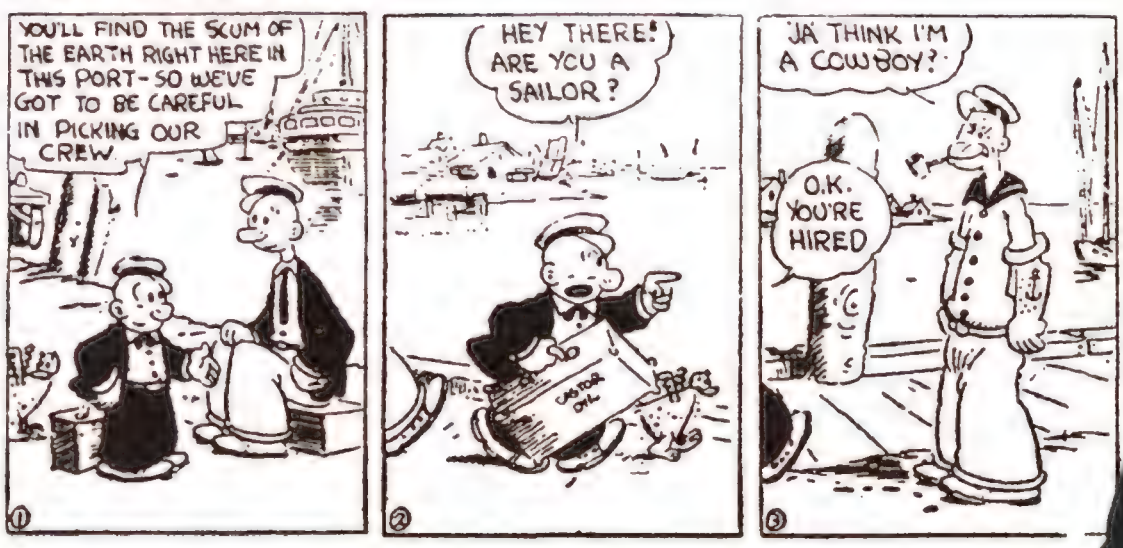
100 YEARS AGO: ONE GOOD TURN
Twenty-six years after Edison patents his phonograph, New Jersey inventor Ademor Petit does the next best thing, patenting a "double-faced sound-record" in 1904. Two sides with opposing grooves yield better sound quality than earlier one-sided disks, he argues, and offer twice as much music.

40 YEARS AGO: JUST SAY NO
On January 11, 1964, Surgeon General Luther Terry releases a report linking smoking to cancer and other diseases. His official warning (mandated for cigarette labels in 1966) helps cut the percentage of American smokers by almost half by 2001.

50 YEARS AGO: RUNNING DEEP
The world's first atomic submarine, the U.S.S. *Nautilus*, slides into Connecticut's Thames River January 21, 1954. Able to stay submerged for an unlimited time, the sub will become the first ship to cross the North Pole, in 1958.

80 YEARS AGO: CHILLY CHAMPIONS
The first Olympic Winter Games open in Chamonix, France, in 1924. Among the competitors from 16 nations is Norway's Sonja Henie, 11, who will later win Olympic gold three times. The 2006 winter games will be in Turin, Italy.

75 YEARS AGO: AHOY, MATE
That's no cowboy, it's Popeye the Sailor, who makes his debut in Elzie Segar's comic strip "Thimble Theater" on January 17, 1929. The spinach-gulping salt will later star in some 600 cartoons, and become an early licensing success. His famous "strong to the finish" passion for spinach boosts sales of the leafy vegetable 33 percent in the 1930s.


THIMBLE THEATER
YOU'LL FIND THE SCUM OF THE EARTH RIGHT HERE IN THIS PORT - SO WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL IN PICKING OUR CREW
HEY THERE! ARE YOU A SAILOR?
JA THINK I'M A COWBOY?
O.K. YOU'RE HIRED

50 YEARS AGO: LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL
Baseball meets bombshell when NY Yankee Joe DiMaggio, 39, and Marilyn Monroe, 27, tie the knot in San Francisco's City Hall, January 14, 1954. As the newlyweds flee a gathered crowd, the presiding judge laments: "I forgot to kiss the bride, and I'm sorry." Alas, the marriage will last less than a year. O

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Edge-to-Edge Borderless Printing
Print 4 x 6, 5 x 7 or 8.5 x 11 in. photos at the push of a button.

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The Canon i900D Photo Printer.

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You visit the Sacred City of Machu Picchu and take a once in a lifetime photo of the ancient ruins with the Huaynu Picchu mountain in the background – and on the right side of the frame is a "ghost" better known as a finger over the lens.

So how do you transform your experience into top quality prints to share with your friends, without sharing the feared finger?

Uncropped photo with finger ghost.

Cropped photo with memories of a lifetime.

Preview your shots

Using the Canon i900D Photo Printer's built-in two-inch LCD display, you can preview your shots, choose which ones to print, even crop them. And that means cropping out your finger and leaving just the ruins and the mountain in your photos.

Everything you need

With the i900D, you not only can skip the film development, you can also skip the computer. With Direct Printing, you just slip in your compatible digital memory card,* and you're ready to create high quality prints. Or connect your Canon or PictBridge-compatible digital camera or camcorder and print your photos straight from it.**

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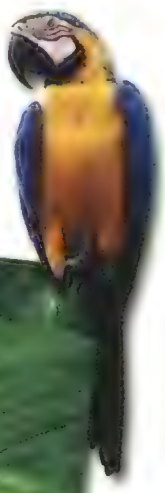

Any printer can print your photos. How many can enhance them? With the i900D, you can preview your shots, select, even crop them.

To learn more, visit www.usa.canon.com/consumer or call 1-800-OK-CANON.

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** For a listing of select Canon digital cameras and camcorders featuring Bubble Jet Direct or PictBridge direct printing technology, visit www.usa.canon.com/consumer/directprint To determine if a non-Canon brand camera or camcorder is PictBridge-compatible, please consult the manufacturer.

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Profile in Courage

An anonymous protester near Beijing's Tiananmen Square personifies a people's revolt of 15 years ago – BY DANA CALVO

Widener captured what historian John Keegan calls the "unvanquished human spirit" clashing with "impersonal armed might."

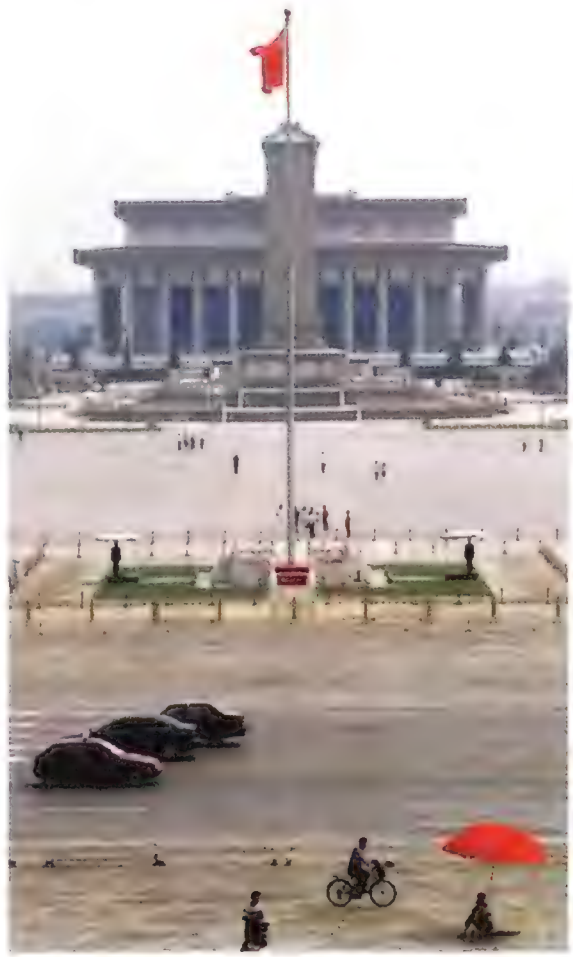
THE PHOTOGRAPH may not be beautiful or artistic, but it is nothing short of heart-stopping. There he is, a thin young man dressed in a white shirt and dark pants squaring off against a line of tanks, a lone human figure daring a great nation's military to mow him down in plain sight. The setting, of course, is Beijing's Tiananmen Square, the world's largest public plaza, now well remembered as the site of the climactic showdown between student protesters and China's socialist government 15 years ago this June. The incident continues to shape perceptions of that nation, and the photograph continues to inspire—an instant profile in courage captured by an American Associated Press photographer reeling from a concussion and using borrowed film he would give to another young American to stash in his underwear and spirit away from the violent scene.

The protesters, hundreds of thousands strong, had gathered to oppose government corruption, restrictions on free speech and joblessness. The demonstrations had begun two months earlier, following an outlandish claim in the Communist Party's official newspaper, the *People's Daily*, that a student group was plotting a coup d'état. Students from more than three dozen universities marched on the square and staged hunger strikes and sit-ins. Many camped out in makeshift shelters. The government declared martial law, and by June 3, tens of thousands of troops from the People's Liberation Army, under orders to remove the protesters, rum-

"I knew they were going to shoot him, so I got focused."

bled to the square in armored personnel carriers. Students threw rocks and Molotov cocktails, and the soldiers opened fire, killing several hundred protesters and wounding perhaps thousands. In one incident, a tank reportedly crushed 11 civilians.

Jeff Widener, then a 33-year-old AP picture editor based in Bangkok, was photographing the melee about 1 a.m. on June 4 when a brick, thrown by a protester, hit him in the face. The blow was softened by the titanium camera he happened to be looking through. With a bloody nose and a concussion, he bicycled the two miles to the AP's Beijing office and then to his hotel. Still woozy the next day, he headed back to the square, crossing streets littered with burnt buses and smashed bicycles. He'd heard that soldiers were using electric cattle prods to force photojournalists to surrender their equipment, so when Widener stumbled upon a visiting American, a student he knew only as Kurt, he asked to take pictures from the young man's room on the sixth floor of the Beijing Hotel, not far from Tiananmen Square.



Widener (below) was injured in the crackdown in Tiananmen Square (above, in 2003, on the event's anniversary).

Out of film, he hastily borrowed a roll from Kurt, loaded it into a camera and went out to the room's balcony. Using a device that doubled the power of his 400-millimeter telephoto lens, Widener watched the crucial event unfold about half a mile away on a street leading to the square. "The protester walks out and I'm thinking, 'This guy is going to screw up my [photograph],'" he recalls. "That's how messed up I was. I knew they were going to shoot him, so I got focused and waited for them to shoot him. Then he started to walk up to the tank." Only after Widener had squeezed the shutter a few times did he realize his f-stop setting was wrong for the borrowed film. Too late: several students grabbed the protester and pulled him out of the tanks' path.

Widener gave the film to Kurt, who stuffed the roll into his underwear and bicycled past soldiers to the AP office. After being developed, the grainy photograph was transmitted on the AP news wire within hours. Widener was not the only one to capture the protester's defiant stance (other photographs and memorable video footage exist), but his photograph was the first to be widely disseminated, appearing in newspapers and magazines worldwide.

In China, authorities under Deng Xiaoping swiftly purged the government of officials perceived as sympathetic to the protesters and placed many under house arrest; some are reportedly still detained today. The Chinese government has yet to make public the number of people killed or injured in the protest, and more than 80 protesters remain in Chinese jails, according to Amnesty International. In the United States, President George H. W. Bush gave a measured response, saying the nation "could not condone the violent attacks" but also had to remain engaged with China and work toward human rights. While the State Department briefly fretted about the possibility of a Chinese civil war, the United States applied limited economic sanctions to China, including the suspension of government to government sales. Some sanctions were soon lifted; others are still in place.

But a decade and a half later, Widener's photograph retains all of its potency. "It's an urgently important message about what you can do if you have the guts to do it," says Mickey Spiegel, a China specialist at Human Rights Watch in New York City, who has hung the photograph in every office she has occupied since 1989. Richard Baum, director of the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of California at Los Angeles, says there's "an emotional legacy to that shot. I think that has cost China more in public image than any other single image in modern times."

Despite news reports saying his name is Wang Weilin, the gutsy protester's identity and his whereabouts remain a mystery, says human rights advocate Spiegel. (Chinese authorities dispute the Wang reports, and no such individual has surfaced.) Regardless, *Time* magazine in 1998 named the anonymous protester to a list of the top 20 leaders and revolutionaries of the 20th century.

Widener, now 47 and a staff photographer for the *Honolulu Advertiser* in Hawaii, has considered going to China to revisit the story. "The picture's part of my life now," says the photographer, who says the protester's act was timeless. "His message was, 'Enough's enough. There's been enough killing. It's got to stop.'"

DANA CALVO, a former AP reporter, is a Los Angeles Times *writer in Houston. She wrote last for the magazine about JFK.*

YOU MANAGE YOUR BLOOD SUGAR. WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HELP PROTECT YOUR HEART?

If you have diabetes, you probably think if you're managing your blood sugar, you're managing all your health risks. Unfortunately, managing your blood sugar may not be enough to help protect your heart. The National Institutes of Health (NIH) states that middle-aged people with type 2 diabetes have the same high risk of having a heart attack as people without diabetes who already have had a heart attack.

The Heart Protection Study by Oxford University, funded in part by Merck, researched ZOCOR. ZOCOR is the first and only cholesterol medication proven to significantly reduce the risk of heart attack and stroke in people with diabetes. Regardless of cholesterol level.

Before the Heart Protection Study was complete, ZOCOR was a time-tested, cholesterol-lowering medication, with over 160 million prescriptions filled in the past 11 years.

If you have diabetes, ask your doctor how ZOCOR, along with a healthy diet, can help protect you. Get information about the Heart Protection Study and ZOCOR at ***zocor.com*** or call 1-800-MERCK-75.

ZOCOR® (SIMVASTATIN)

Important considerations: ZOCOR is a prescription medicine and isn't right for everyone, including women who are nursing or pregnant or who may become pregnant, anyone with liver problems, and people who are allergic to any ingredients of ZOCOR. Unexplained muscle pain or weakness could be a sign of a rare but serious side effect and should be reported to your doctor right away. Your doctor may do blood tests before and during treatment with ZOCOR to check for liver problems. To avoid serious side effects, discuss with your doctor medicine or food you should avoid while on ZOCOR.

YOUR RESULTS MAY VARY.

PLEASE READ THE MORE DETAILED INFORMATION ABOUT ZOCOR IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THIS AD.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR IF ZOCOR IS RIGHT FOR YOU.

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USES OF ZOCOR

ZOCOR is a prescription drug that is indicated as an addition to diet for many patients with high cholesterol. For patients at high risk of coronary heart disease (CHD) because of existing heart disease, diabetes, vascular disease, or history of stroke, ZOCOR is indicated along with diet to reduce the risk of death by reducing coronary death; reduce the risk of heart attack and stroke; and reduce the need for revascularization procedures.

WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED

Some people should not take ZOCOR. Discuss this with your doctor.

ZOCOR should not be used by patients who are allergic to any of its ingredients. In addition to the active ingredient simvastatin, each tablet contains the following inactive ingredients: cellulose, lactose, magnesium stearate, iron oxides, talc, titanium dioxide, and starch. Butylated hydroxyanisole is added as a preservative.

Patients with liver problems: ZOCOR should not be used by patients with active liver disease or repeated blood test results indicating possible liver problems. (See WARNINGS.)

Women who are or may become pregnant: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus. **Women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely that they will become pregnant.** If a woman does become pregnant while on ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once.

Women who are breast-feeding should not take ZOCOR.

WARNINGS

Muscle: Tell your doctor right away if you experience any unexplained muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness at any time during treatment with ZOCOR so your doctor can decide if ZOCOR should be stopped. Some patients may have muscle pain or weakness while taking ZOCOR. Rarely, this can include muscle breakdown resulting in kidney damage. The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients taking certain other drugs along with ZOCOR:

- **Cyclosporine, itraconazole, ketoconazole, erythromycin, clarithromycin, HIV protease inhibitors, the antidepressant nefazodone, or large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily), particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.**
- **Gemfibrozil, other fibrates, or lipid-lowering doses (≥1 g/day) of niacin, particularly with higher doses of ZOCOR.**
- **Amiodarone or verapamil with higher doses of ZOCOR.**

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater at higher doses of simvastatin.

Because the risk of muscle side effects is greater when ZOCOR is used with the products listed above, the combined use of these products should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits are likely to outweigh the increased risks.

If your doctor determines that the benefits of combined use of ZOCOR with gemfibrozil, other fibrates, or niacin likely outweigh the increased risk of muscle problems, the dose of ZOCOR should not exceed 10 mg daily. No more than 10 mg/day of ZOCOR should be taken with cyclosporine.

The combined use of verapamil or amiodarone with doses above ZOCOR 20 mg should be avoided unless your doctor determines the benefits outweigh the increased risk of muscle breakdown.

Your doctor should also carefully monitor for any muscle pain, tenderness, or weakness, particularly during the initial months of therapy and if the dose of either drug is increased. Your doctor also may monitor the level of certain muscle enzymes in your body, but there is no assurance that such monitoring will prevent the occurrence of severe muscle disease.

The risk of muscle breakdown is greater in patients with kidney problems or diabetes.

If you have conditions that can increase your risk of muscle breakdown, which in turn can cause kidney damage, your doctor should temporarily withhold or stop ZOCOR. Also, since there are no known adverse consequences of briefly stopping therapy with ZOCOR, treatment should be stopped a few days before elective major surgery and when any major acute medical or surgical condition occurs. Discuss this with your doctor, who can explain these conditions to you.

Liver: About 1% of patients who took ZOCOR in clinical trials developed elevated levels of some liver enzymes. Patients who had these increases usually had no symptoms. Elevated liver enzymes usually returned to normal levels when therapy with ZOCOR was stopped.

In the ZOCOR Survival Study, the number of patients with more than 1 liver enzyme level elevation to greater than 3 times the normal upper limit was no different between the ZOCOR and placebo groups. Only 8 patients on ZOCOR and 5 on placebo discontinued therapy due to elevated liver enzyme levels. Patients were started on 20 mg of ZOCOR, and one third had their dose raised to 40 mg.

Your doctor should perform routine blood tests to check these enzymes before you start treatment with ZOCOR and thereafter when clinically indicated. Patients titrated to the 80-mg dose should receive an additional test at 3 months and periodically thereafter (eg, semiannually) for the first year of treatment. If your enzyme levels increase, your doctor should order more frequent tests. If your liver enzyme levels remain unusually high, your doctor should discontinue your medication.

Tell your doctor about any liver disease you may have had in the past and about how much alcohol you consume. ZOCOR should be used with caution in patients who consume large amounts of alcohol.

PRECAUTIONS

Drug Interactions: Because of possible serious drug interactions, it is important to tell your doctor what other drugs you are taking, including those obtained without a prescription. You should also tell other doctors who are prescribing a new medicine for you that you are taking ZOCOR. ZOCOR can interact with the following:

- Itraconazole
- Ketoconazole
- Erythromycin
- Clarithromycin
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- Large quantities of grapefruit juice (>1 quart daily)

The risk of myopathy is also increased by the following lipid-lowering drugs that can cause myopathy when given alone:

- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible] (≥1 g/day)

The risk of [illegible] is increased with other drugs:

- [illegible]
- [illegible]

[illegible] lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR® (simvastatin) and coumarin anticoagulants (a type of blood thinner) have experienced bleeding and/or increased blood clotting time. Patients taking these medicines should have their blood tested before starting therapy with ZOCOR and should continue to be monitored.

Central Nervous System Toxicity; Cancer, Mutations, Impairment of Fertility: Like most prescription drugs, ZOCOR was required to be tested on animals before it was marketed for human use. Often these tests were designed to achieve higher drug concentrations than humans achieve at recommended dosing. In some tests, the animals had damage to the nerves in the central nervous system. In studies of mice with high doses of ZOCOR, the likelihood of certain types of cancerous tumors increased. No evidence of mutations of or damage to genetic material has been seen. In 1 study with ZOCOR, there was decreased fertility in male rats.

Pregnancy: Pregnant women should not take ZOCOR because it may harm the fetus.

Safety in pregnancy has not been established. In studies with lipid-lowering agents similar to ZOCOR, there have been rare reports of birth defects of the skeleton and digestive system. Therefore, women of childbearing age should not take ZOCOR unless it is highly unlikely they will become pregnant. If a woman does become pregnant while taking ZOCOR, she should stop taking the drug and talk to her doctor at once. The active ingredient of ZOCOR did not cause birth defects in rats at 3 times the human dose or in rabbits at 3 times the human dose.

Nursing Mothers: Drugs taken by nursing mothers may be present in their breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, a woman taking ZOCOR should not breast-feed. (See WHEN ZOCOR SHOULD NOT BE USED.)

Pediatric Use: ZOCOR is not recommended for children or patients under 10 years of age.

Geriatric Use: Higher blood [illegible] were seen in elderly patients (70- 78 years of age) compared with younger patients [illegible] study. In other studies, the cholesterol-lowering effects of ZOCOR were at least as great in elderly patients as in younger patients, and there were no overall differences in safety between elderly and younger patients [illegible] of myopathy/rhabdomyolysis among [illegible] study, 4 were aged 75 or over (at baseline), 1 of whom was over 75.

SIDE EFFECTS

Most patients tolerate treatment with ZOCOR well; however, like all prescription drugs, ZOCOR can cause side effects, and some of them can be serious. Side effects that do occur are usually mild and short-lived. Only your doctor can weigh the risks versus the benefits of any prescription drug. In clinical studies with ZOCOR less than 1.5% of patients dropped out of the studies because of side effects. In 2 large, 5-year studies patients taking ZOCOR experienced [illegible]. Side effects that have been reported with ZOCOR or other drugs are listed [illegible]. Before taking ZOCOR, discuss [illegible].

Digestive System: [illegible] constipation, gastric reflux, belching, flatulence, abdominal pain, nausea, vomiting, pancreatitis, hepatitis, jaundice, liver failure, severe liver damage and cancer, cirrhosis, and liver cancer.

Muscle, Skeletal: Muscle cramps, aches, pain, and weakness; joint pain; muscle breakdown.

Nervous System: [illegible] headache, insomnia, tingling, memory loss, damage to [illegible]; dizziness, poor balance, peripheral neuropathy and/or abnormal sensations, anxiety, depression, tremor, loss of balance, [illegible].

Skin: Rash, itching, hair loss, dryness, nodules, discoloration.

Eye/Senses: Blurred vision, altered taste sensation, progression of cataracts, eye muscle [illegible].

Hypersensitivity (Allergic) Reactions: On rare occasions, [illegible] of symptoms have been reported to occur either alone or together in groups (referred to as a [illegible] that appears to be a type of allergic-type reactions, which may rarely be fatal. These have included [illegible] of the following: generalized reaction that may include shortness of breath, wheezing, digestive symptoms, and low blood pressure and even shock; an allergic reaction with swelling of the face, lips, tongue, and/or throat with difficulty swallowing or breathing; symptoms mimicking lupus (a disorder in which a person's immune system may attack parts of his or her own body); severe muscle and blood vessel inflammation, sometimes including rash, bruises; various disorders of blood cells (that could result in anemia, infection, or blood clotting problems) or abnormal blood tests; inflamed or painful joints; hives; fatigue and weakness; sensitivity to sunlight, fever, chills; flushing; difficulty breathing; and severe skin disorders that vary from rash to a serious burn-like shedding of skin all over the body, including mucous membranes such as the lining of the mouth.

Other: Loss of sexual desire, breast enlargement, impotence.

Laboratory Tests: Liver function test abnormalities including elevated alkaline phosphatase and bilirubin, thyroid function abnormalities.

NOTE: This summary provides important information about ZOCOR. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the prescribing information and then discuss it with them.

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Sleepless in Hawaii

Insomniac islanders are hopping mad over a tiny frog that threatens their fragile ecosystem ~ BY RITA BEAMISH

A GRIMACING Helen Geiger stands amid bikes and beach chairs in the garage of her Hawaiian home watching two men tramp through dense foliage in her backyard. Dragging a hose from a 100-gallon tank, they are seeking a tiny prey, invisible in the misty night but unmistakably present, its shrill, two-note *ko-KEE* mating call filling the air with earsplitting dissonance.

Unable to see the tiny frogs, no bigger than a quarter, the men follow their ears, spraying a mixture of citric acid and water over the ferns, Ohia trees and strawberry guava, killing many of the frogs on contact. "I'm so appreciative," she tells the men.

"In the daytime," she goes on, "it's beautiful and peaceful here in the rain forest." But nights are a different story. By the thousands, screeching coqui frogs have infested the trees all around her property, including those outside her upstairs bedroom window. Their nightly serenade has become so irritating that she now sleeps on the first floor with her windows shut—no way to live, she says, "if you like fresh air."

Geiger's wooded neighborhood, like scores of communities across Hawaii's Big Island, has been hit by rampaging *Eleutherodactylus coqui*. Biologists theorize that these tiny natives of Puerto Rico stowed away a dozen or so years ago on nursery plants en route to Hawaii. The Pacific island chain's moist, verdant environment offered the invaders an ideal habitat. With few natural predators, such as snakes and tarantulas, to keep their populations in check, the mottled yellow to grayish brown critters—almost impossible to spot on most vegetation—spread from the Big Island and Maui to Kauai and Oahu.

During the day, the coqui makes its nest in moist areas covered by leaves and leaf litter. Unlike the offspring of many other frog species, coqui froglets—about the size of a grain of rice when they hatch—emerge fully formed from eggs, skipping the tadpole stage entirely. (It's a tadpole's need for a pool of water that limits the spread of most frog species.) "We're dealing with a highly successful generalist that's capable of doing well in a variety of habitats and circumstances," says Lawrence Woolbright, a coqui researcher at New York's Siena College. "This frog is right up there with rats, cockroaches, pigeons and humans in terms of its adaptability."

With females producing an average of 28 eggs four times a year, densities of adult frogs in some Hawaiian locations have jumped to more than 6,000 an acre, some five times what they are back home in Puerto Rico, where they are eaten by spiders and snakes. The frogs begin making their fearsome racket when they are about 8 months old.

The screeching call is made by males, which contract their bodies, squeezing air out of their lungs and into their vocal sacs. Females seem to respond to both the frequency and volume of the call, which can reach from 70 to 90 decibels,

Although no larger than a quarter, the coqui frog creates a shrill screeching sound as loud as a kitchen garbage disposal by forcing air through its balloonlike vocal sac.

According to coqui fan and frog protectionist Sydney Singer, "If people can't live with the sound of nature, they should move."

comparable to a vacuum cleaner or a garbage disposal. (The federal government calls for workplace ear protection when noise reaches 85 decibels.)

"It is mind boggling if you go to an area that is infested. The noise factor is unbelievable," says Harry Kim, mayor of the Big Island. "And just imagine what the frogs are doing to the entire ecosystem." Researchers fear the coqui might severely reduce, or even wipe out, certain insects on which some rare birds rely. A thriving frog population could also mean a free lunch for other invasive species, such as rats and snakes.

USDA technician Stephanie Joe (above) hand-captures a coqui, a labor-intensive but more plant-friendly alternative to citric acid spray.

NOT EVERYONE minds the little frogs: in Puerto Rico, many people find them endearing; they appear on T-shirts and license plates. In Hawaii, coqui fans include Sydney Singer, founder of the Coqui Hawaiian Integration and Reeducation Project, who sees efforts to eradicate them as cruel and unnecessary. "This place is full of aliens, and there's a big niche for them," he says. "If people can't live with the sound of nature, they should move."

But for many islanders, the coquis are beyond annoying. One nursery owner, who declined to give his name, says he nearly lost his business, despite spraying, due to frogs on his plants. Jamie Runnells, vice president of the Big Island Association of Nurserymen, says that the coqui is "the biggest single problem facing the nursery industry on the Big Island," a nearly $50 million business.

The frogs have joined termites and volcano zones as possible deal breakers in property sales. Broker Dave Lucas lost one sale when potential buyers made a sunset inspection of property on which they'd put a contract. "They sent in a cancellation the next day," says Lucas. "They said there's no way we're living by these frogs." The Hawaii Island Board of Realtors is urging its clients to spray their properties.

State authorities continue to search for eradication tools. Caffeine spray, which induces a heart attack in coquis, seemed promising until it ran up against animal rights activists and federal pesticide regulations. Even the most successful weapon, the food additive citric acid, can harm flowers. And it is far from foolproof against frogs that take cover in dense underbrush. "It's a pretty major undertaking to wipe out a population with spray," Woolbright says. "You would have to do a pretty thorough job of saturating everything from the canopy to the forest floor, and then you'd still miss the one that went to bed early that night."

The cash-strapped state has had little money to earmark for the problem, focusing instead on public education programs and inspection of nursery shipments between the islands to prevent further invasion. Earl Campbell, the Pacific region's U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service invasive species coordinator, wrote in 2002 (along with biologist Fred Kraus) that control efforts "have been hampered by limited authorities and funds, disbelief in the threat and the reluctance to act." Still, Campbell believes that a high-level Hawaii Invasive Species Council, formed this year, "can prevent the next coqui."

As for the coqui plague itself, state officials believe that aggressive spraying and clearing of underbrush can prevent their spread throughout most of the Hawaiian archipelago. But experts tend to talk in terms of containment rather than eradication on the Big Island. Which means that Helen Geiger and her neighbors may have to invest in some good earplugs. ○

Honolulu-based RITA BEAMISH *is author of the forthcoming book* Perils of Paradise.

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OVER THE TOP Demonstrating that any obstacle can be overcome (sort of), a Ukrainian policeman and his four-legged sidekick strive for personal bests in Kiev this past October. The annual competition, run by Ukraine's Interior Ministry, pitted more than 50 police dogs and their handlers in five events, including obstacle course races, target shooting and olfactory tracking (a canine-only contest). Photo by Gleb Garanich for Reuters. —*HELEN E. STARKWEATHER*

Looking For a Few Good Men

While the budding Corps of Discovery plans the expedition near St. Louis, William Clark grades the recruits

In June 1803, President Thomas Jefferson directed Meriwether Lewis to find a second in command for the coming expedition, someone who could take over if Lewis were killed or incapacitated along the way. But rather than pick a deputy, Lewis offered to share leadership with his former superior William Clark.

Clark's Army career had begun in 1789 when he was 19 years old; by 1795 he had attained the rank of captain—with Ensign Meriwether Lewis under his command. The next year, Clark resigned his commission to help his older brother George straighten out his financial affairs in Indiana. It was there, on July 16, 1803, that he received Lewis' letter inviting him to become co-commander of Jefferson's scientific mission. When Clark's commission came through (after the expedition was under way), Lewis discovered that the War Department had made Clark a second lieutenant rather than captain. Lewis was furious; he told Clark he would address and treat him as a captain and keep the lower rank secret from the men.

Two hundred years ago at Camp Dubois (above, a replica at the Lewis and Clark State Historic Site in Hartford, Illinois), William Clark (inset) recruited hunters, trackers, linguists, metalsmiths.

In January 1804, the expedition was getting organized at Camp Dubois, the winter quarters established at the mouth of the Missouri River. Clark's journal of events at Camp Dubois provides the only known account of winter's preparations before the expedition got under way, in May 1804. Clark's notebooks were found in a St. Paul, Minnesota, attic among a Civil War general's papers in 1953. By January, the expedition included more than 40 men, many of whom were unused to military discipline. They were cold, bored and frequently disorderly:

Jany 6th I was up last night at 12 to right the Boat. . . . I order in those men who had fought got Drunk & neglected Duty to go and build a hut for a Wo[man] who promises to wash &Sow &c

Tuesday 10th. . . . at 1 oClock Joseph Fields returned & crossed the River between the Sheets of floating Ice with Some risque, his excuse for Staying so long on the Mississippi were that the Ice run so thick in the Missourie where he was 30 miles up that there was no crossing. . . .

Wednesday 11th Jany. I was unwell last night Slept but little, A fine morning, the river still riseing, The Missourie runs with fine Ice, the Boat is afloat, one man McNeal [lost] out last night, he Sepperated from the hunting party about 7 miles from this place, he returnd this evening. Sjt Ordday was also lost all night. . . .

Sunday 15th Jany. . . . at Sun Set Maj Rumsay the Comsy arrived with Some provisions in a waggon Mr. Todd, Seven or Eight men followd the Waggon Intoxicated from the Whiskey they receced. . . .

Friday 20th 1804 Jany. . . . The river Mississipi raised & some [of] the Ice formed above the Missouris broke Loose & floted down, this Ice is 9 Inches Thick. . . .

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- have stomach ulcers or any types of bleeding problems
- are taking any other medicin

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- Because VIAGRA should never be used with medicines that contain nitrates, (See *VIAGRA is Not for Everyone*)
- If you are taking a type of blood pressure medicine for the treatment of high blood pressure or prostate problems, you should not take a dose of greater than 25 mg of VIAGRA at the same time (within 4 hours) as you take your dose of alpha blocker.
- If you are having a prostate exam, your doctor may ask you to stop taking VIAGRA (See *Finding the Right Dose for You*)
- VIAGRA should not be used with any other erectile treatments that I have prescribed. These treatments include pills, injections, that are inserted in the penis, implants or vacuum pumps.

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- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes
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- VIAGRA should not be taken more than once a day.

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Possible Side Effects

Like all medicines, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These effects are usually mild to moderate and usually don't last longer than a few hours. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur at higher doses. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, flushing of the face and upset stomach. Less common side effects that may occur are temporary changes in vision (such as blurred vision or increased sensitivity to light) and rarely, prolonged erections or fainting. If an erection lasts more than 4 hours, seek medical help. Prolonged erections lasting more than 6 hours can lead to injury of penile tissue.

In rare instances, men have reported a sudden loss of hearing while using VIAGRA. If you experience dizziness or sudden loss of hearing, you should stop taking VIAGRA and contact your doctor immediately. You should not take VIAGRA more than once in 24 hours. If your erection persists longer than 4 hours, you should seek medical help. Using VIAGRA with other medicines may affect how it works. (See *How Sex Affects the Body*)

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In case of accidental overdose, call your doctor right away.

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Way-Out Whistler

Before they even knew what to call it, a 19th-century artist put his mother aside to anticipate 20th-century performance art

"A most original thinker is Whistler," says Poached Egg (actor Jonathan Watkins).

ROBERT HARRIS FROM THE FREER AND SACKLER GALLERIES OF ART, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

LONDON GALLERYGOERS in 1883 had never seen anything like the brave new exhibition "Arrangement in Yellow and White" at the Fine Art Society on New Bond Street. Least among the spectacle in this novel display of artworks was the man greeting visitors at the door and dressed in a festive yellow-and-white waistcoat. He was part of the show, and the newspapers poked great fun at the fellow, dubbing him "the Poached Egg."

Victorian audiences accustomed to galleries stacked floor to ceiling with works of art in dark, claustrophobic rooms with heavy draperies, palm trees and ornate couches were being confronted with a new gallery aesthetic in the person of James McNeill Whistler, an American artist best known for his 1871 painting of his mother seated in a rocking chair.

Inside the Fine Art Society, Whistler's black-and-white Venice etchings were set in simple white frames against walls covered in white felt. The artist's exclusively patented skylight shades, the velvet curtains and the subtle furnishings were all cast in hues of citron yellow. When the show later traveled to New York, the color scheme prompted one critic to "call for quinine, for the effect was positively malarial."

Today we might be tempted to call James Whistler a micromanager. Dictating the décor, he selected the paint on the walls, chose the flowers and the vases, even designed staff costumes, like that of the Poached Egg. Whistler as exhibition designer is the subject explored in a new show at the Smithsonian's Freer Gallery of Art.

"Whistler had a particular genius for rupturing the status quo and getting a bit of publicity while he was at it," says Freer curator Kenneth Myers, who, along with curator-colleague David Park Curry of the Virginia Mu-

seum of Fine Arts in Richmond, has spent the past four years researching Whistler's exhibitions.

When Whistler's gallery show "Arrangement in Flesh Colour and Grey" arrived on the art scene in 1884, visitors found a lush, sensuous environment of pinkish wall fabric and gray wainscoting. The event showcased a full-length, confrontational, hands-on-hips portrait of a young girl in blue. Small seascapes and street scenes, all mounted in plain gilt frames, flanked the portrait. This "moon surrounded by stars," as one critic rhapsodized, drew London crowds like a magnet.

For the next six years the shows traveled through the United States ("Yellow and White" to New York, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia; "Flesh Colour and Grey" to New York). Their simple modes of presentation, paralleling the simplicity of the art itself (which sold well too), confirmed Whistler as innovator. By the 1890s, the artist was welcoming a steady stream of American students and patrons to his London and Paris ateliers.

In 1884, pink walls complemented works like *Harmony in Violet and Amber.*

Whistler's influence as an exhibition designer as well as a painter grew after his death in 1903. "By the 1910s," says Myers, "the chaste, visually unified 'Whistler-style approach' was standard practice for museums and galleries." Modern architecture's inroads in the early 20th century may have given today's art spaces their "white-cube" look, but, says Myers, "Whistler laid the groundwork."

The Poached Egg, a crazy bit of early performance art—a century before there was a name for such a thing—can be seen too in the Freer exhibition. We begin to see why gaslight-era audiences came back for more. —*SYDNEY LAWRENCE*

"Mr. Whistler's Galleries: Avant-Garde in Victorian London" is on view through April 4. The Poached Egg appears from 11 a.m. to noon on weekends.

FROM THE ATTIC

SPECIAL DELIVERY It is the "proper thing to do," insisted Smithsonian regent Alexander Graham Bell in December of 1903. Bell was telling fellow board members that the "earthly remains" of the Institution's benefactor, James Smithson (right), must be brought to Washington, D.C. A stone quarry was encroaching on the tiny Genoa, Italy, cemetery where Smithson had been buried since his death in 1829, and all of its graves had to be removed. So the inventor of the telephone left promptly to recover the bones of the man who had given the United States $508,418 (about $10 million today) to create an institution for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge." Bell returned aboard the U.S.S. *Dolphin* in January 1904 and watched as Smithson's casket was slowly lowered from the ship's deck at the Washington Navy Yard and turned over to a cavalry detachment (above) for the procession up Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Smithsonian Castle. A crypt was quickly prepared in the building's vestibule, and there Smithson was laid to rest. That is, until 1973, when officials—reasoning that the 19th-century man of science would have approved of it—melted the solder to open the casket so that forensic anthropologists from the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History might examine the bones. Smithson, they learned, was right-handed, suffered from malnutrition in childhood, and though he was only 5 foot 6, had strong, athletic arms and hands. Inquiring minds wanted to know. —*BETH PY-LIEBERMAN*

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More Fish, Less Guilt

For the ecologically minded, a new cookbook is a seafood lover's guide to making environmentally sound choices at the market

ASKED FOR HER FAVORITE recipe, ichthyologist Carole Baldwin flips through *One Fish, Two Fish, Crawfish, Bluefish: The Smithsonian Sustainable Seafood Cookbook* as if it's a photo album from a particularly enjoyable summer vacation. "The trout tacos are pretty darn good," she says. A few pages later she pauses at Seared Wahoo with Truffle Grits and Sautéed Carolina Shrimp, a recipe, she says, "my twin sister told me about." And then there's the Macadamia Nut-Crusted Halibut with Mango Purée and Scallion Oil, which she says is "so delicious and easy that to serve it makes anybody look like a gourmet cook." Finally, the soft-spoken, 44-year-old Baldwin, who coauthored the cookbook with Julie Mounts, a research associate

at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History, grins and gives up with a shrug. Baldwin is clearly not your typical celebrity cookbook writer. Nor is the 150-recipe, 330-page cookbook, which Smithsonian Books recently published, any ordinary cookbook.

A Smithsonian marine biologist of some renown—Baldwin has authored four-dozen scientific papers—she has long been concerned about the precipitous declines in certain seafood populations caused by destructive fishing practices. Her cookbook recipes call only for fish or shellfish that are "sustainable," meaning that they are caught or farmed in ways that don't risk the future of the species. Her message is simple: by shopping wisely, consumers can help the world's oceans and sea life. And because she asked 100 top chefs to submit their favorite recipes, doing the right thing can be tasty as well.

By eating such fish as wild salmon and halibut from well-managed Alaskan fisheries, consumers can also avoid supporting destructive fishing, such as dredging (dragging nets on the seafloor, which often destroys vital fish habitat) or trawling (using large nets that catch, and usually kill, great quantities of non-targeted marine life, known as "bycatch"). On a shrimp trawler off El Salvador recently, Baldwin found that shrimp probably accounted for less than one-tenth of the catch.

Shopping for sustainable seafood, Baldwin adds, doesn't mean spending a lot of money, either. Catfish and tilapia, widely available farmed fish, sell for about $4 a pound. A companion Web site, www.mnh.si.edu/seafood, keeps consumers up to date on environmental information about various fish species. —*JOHN F. ROSS*

WHO'S COUNTING?

71

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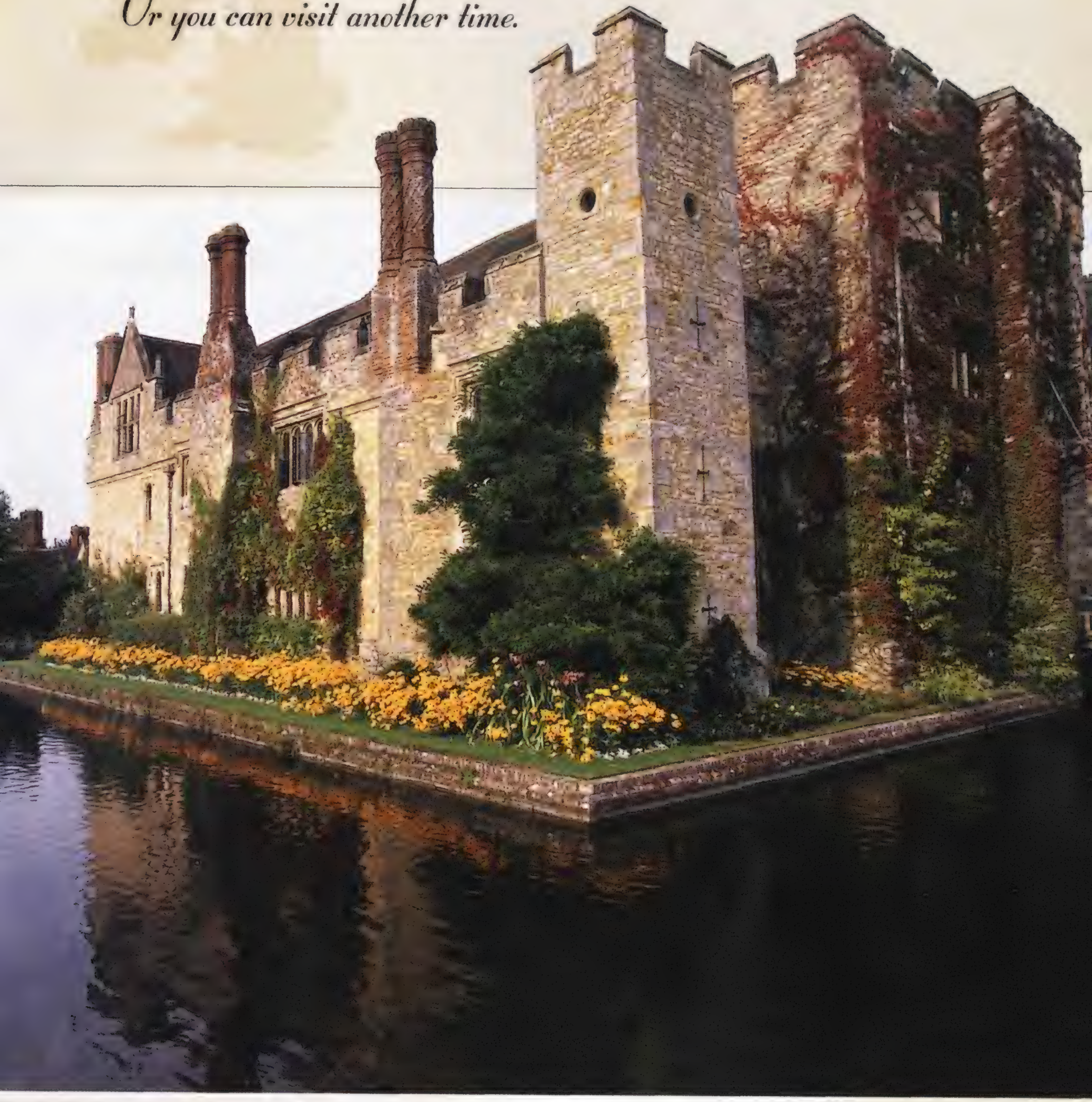

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TOP DOGS

The Polar Inuit's ancient bond with the sled dog remains intact, thanks in part to a ban on snowmobiles. But the lure of technology threatens these "sturdy, magnificent animals"

BY JOHN F. ROSS ~ *PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAYNE KENNEDY*

MY DOG SLED RACES along the frozen polar sea of Greenland's northwestern coast, weaving through a maze of hummocks. I sit wedged against the fur-covered form of a quiet, middle-aged Inuit hunter named Ilanguaq Qaerngaq, who directs the dozen dogs fanned out before us with deft snaps of a 15-foot-long whip. From out of nowhere, a dog from another team—its trace cut or broken—veers in front of us and falls beneath our left runner. Our 11-foot wooden sled, loaded with several hundred pounds of seal and walrus meat, rides over the creature and continues on. Behind us, the dazed dog struggles to its feet, limping badly. I catch Qaerngaq's eye, but he shakes his head. In a minute, the dog has become a dark speck on the ice behind us.

As we set up tents on the sea ice a couple of hours later, I keep a lookout for the injured dog, but it doesn't appear. I fear it has become a meal for a polar bear or an arctic fox.

That evening, one of our dogs refuses to eat. Julia Bent, a 55-year-old veterinarian from Seattle, examines the animal and wryly prescribes "warm cage rest, IV fluids, a full blood analysis and urinalysis, probably abdominal and chest X-rays, and appropriate therapy based on our laboratory findings." She gives the dog some Pepto-Bismol, but the next morning as we leave camp, one of the Inuit hunters shoots the animal in the head with his rifle and leaves the body on the ice.

It's day two of a nine-day dog-sledding trip from Qaanaaq, a town of a hundred or so brightly painted frame houses perched on a gently sloping hillside overlooking Murchison Sound, south about 200 miles to the smaller Inuit village of Savissivik, and I've just been given another lesson about the relationship between the Polar Inuit and their dogs in the high Arctic. It's all business; on the ice, the Inuit have neither the inclination nor the means to care for badly injured or sick canines. And yet the Inuit's connection to their dogs is one of the world's oldest and most complex human-animal partnerships, a relationship "as close as a marriage," as the French Arctic explorer Jean Malaurie noted in the 1950s.

Unlike the Inuit people in Canada and Alaska, who have largely traded dog sleds for snowmobiles, Polar Inuit have maintained their age-old skills of hunting with sled dogs for subsistence, the only circumpolar culture to do so. And because by law no other breeds may be brought to northern Greenland, this remote area and the small enclave that inhabits it have become a sanctuary for the Inuit dog (*Canis familiaris borealis*), thought to be North America's only remaining pure aboriginal canine.

I have joined this expedition at the invitation of photographer Layne Kennedy and Paul Schurke, 48, an Arctic explorer and co-owner, with his wife, Susan, of the Wintergreen Dogsledding Lodge in Ely, Minnesota. In addition to Schurke, his 12-year-old son, Peter, Bent and me, our group consists of six other Americans and ten Inuits—including Ussarqak Henson, 66, grandson of Matthew Henson, the African-American who accompanied Cmdr. Robert Peary on his 1909 expedition to the North Pole. We are joining a group of Polar Inuit on a spring hunt for seal, which they prize both for its meat and hide, from which they make clothes. Schurke's involvement with the Inuit dog dates to 1986 when he and Arctic explorer Will Steger completed the first unresupplied dog sled expedition to the North Pole. On that 56-day trip, says Schurke, their 49 Inuit dogs, which hauled heavy loads over 1,200 miles of fractured pack ice, were like "little Sherman tanks." The following year Schurke and his wife bought nine Inuit dogs and opened Wintergreen. They now own 60, the largest collection in the United States; each winter he and his guides take about 500 people dog sledding in Minnesota's northern woods.

The Polar Inuit are the "finest dog mushers in the world," says explorer Paul Schurke (top). Ussarqak Henson (above) is a grandson of Matthew Henson, who was on Robert Peary's 1909 polar expedition.

MOST MAPS of North America fail to show the extent of Greenland's northerly reach because of the distortion created by two-dimensional representations of the globe. From a polar projection—as if looking down at the North Pole from above—the northern tip of Greenland resembles a thumb poised to poke out the pole's eye, coming far closer to it—about 450 miles—than any other landmass. An ice cap nearly two miles thick covers 84 percent of Greenland's surface and contains so much water that, were it to melt, the global sea level would rise by 20 feet.

Some 900 Polar Inuit inhabit Qaanaaq and five other villages on a narrow, several-hundred-mile strip along the coast. These Inuit live farther north than any other indigenous people on earth. By April, when our De Havilland Twin Otter aircraft lands on the ice runway of Qaanaaq, winter has finally relinquished its hold. Almost 19 hours of sunlight and temperatures that average a few degrees above zero have replaced days of round-the-clock darkness and minus 40 degree temperatures. Murchison Sound, however, still resembles an immense ice rink. Small boats rest on the frozen beach, and dozens of groups of dogs are tied to stakes near them. Near one dog pack lies a partially devoured walrus.

The next morning, we set off with nine hunters—outfitted in polar bear fur trousers—nine sleds and 101 dogs. Qaerngaq ties the traces of his 12 dogs to a *pituq*, a looped rope about 12 feet long attached to the sled between the runners. The design of the sled itself—two 12-foot-long wooden runners, a platform of planks, and upright handrails at the

JOHN F. ROSS, a former senior editor at SMITHSONIAN, *now writes full time from his home in Bethesda, Maryland.* LAYNE KENNEDY *photographed ocean oil wells for the November 2001 issue.*

The sea around Qaanaaq (above), the largest of a half-dozen settlements on the northwestern edge of Greenland, is frozen solid some nine months out of every year. The island's ice cape isolates the Polar Inuit from other Greenlanders to the east and south.

back—has changed little over the centuries. Wooden boards, however, have replaced driftwood planks and caribou antler handrails, and nylon rope has replaced sealskin thongs. But the sled's joints are still loosely bound to allow it to move flexibly over irregularities in the snow and ice. And the sled is still strong enough to withstand a crash—after, say, careering down a steep gully—yet light enough to shoot across the sea ice at speeds approaching ten miles per hour.

The dogs run flank to flank in an arrangement known as a fan hitch, in which the traces are equal in length, except for the lead dog's, which is slightly longer. The fan hitch gives the dogs enough slack to negotiate obstacles in their path.

As we glide across the ice, the dogs' bushy tails wave like cattails in a freshening breeze. Over the course of our trip, the dogs will provide endless entertainment—a running soap opera of flirtation, tiffs and, in some cases, raw animal aggression. Qaerngaq is the director: he chastises a lazy young male, ties a bootee onto a dog with a cut paw, takes a flagging one out of its traces for a rest. The wind drives their flatulence into our faces. Early on, a pregnant bitch in the sled in front of us delivers prematurely, dropping her newborn pups onto the ice, and our dogs gobble up the tiny, bloody bodies without breaking stride.

These animals are not to be mistaken for more familiar sled dogs, like those that compete in Alaska's Iditarod race, most of which are Siberian huskies or mixes of other north-

MAP: MIKE REAGAN

ern breeds. ("Husky" is actually a generic term for several breeds of sled dogs, including the Samoyed, the Alaskan malamute, the Siberian husky and Inuit dog breeds.) Siberian huskies are faster than Inuit dogs, but not as powerful. Inuit dogs are "sturdy, magnificent animals," wrote Peary. "There is no dog in the world that can work so long in the lowest temperatures on practically nothing to eat."

Lynn Peplinski, at the Inuit Heritage Trust, in Canada's Nunavut Territory, tells of one Inuit who returned home after a month-long hunt, his 20-foot-sled loaded with 14 frozen caribou carcasses; 30 dried seal skins; two wooden boxes filled with tools and kitchenware; sleeping skins and tarpaulins; two steamer trunks; two whole seals; a washtub; five 3-week-old puppies; and his wife, their infant child and their two small children under 10. The 14 dogs pulling this load completed the final, 80-mile leg in 17 hours.

The Inuit dog, known as *qimmiq* in the Inuit language Inuktitut, has soft, dense insulating under fur and an outer coat of longer, coarser hairs, which shed water and snow. Petting the animal's muscular chest is akin to touching a brick. I'm surprised the dogs aren't bigger: males reach only 77 pounds, females about 60. The short, compact dogs' small, slanted eyes suggest a close kinship to the wolf. But the notion of the northern dog as a tamed wolf placed in a trace and forced to pull a sled, as Jack London portrayed them in *White Fang*, is "an absurd, romantic myth," says Jennifer Leonard, an evolutionary biologist at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History. The Inuit dog is no closer to a wolf than is a Labrador retriever. Archaeological evidence shows that dogs were domesticated from wolves in Europe and Asia at least 15,000 years ago, then spread across the Bering land bridge into what is now Alaska with the New World's first immigrants. Leonard has found no genetic evidence that dogs in the New World ever bred with wolves.

In Greenland, dog remains have been found along with the earliest signs of human habitation. The first colonizers crossed the Bering Strait from Asia and moved across the islands of the Canadian Arctic to Greenland about 4,400 years ago. The Thule, ancestors of the present-day Polar Inuit, came here later from Alaska, in several waves between A.D. 900 and 1500. Archaeological evidence suggests that early Thule people may have used dogs to chase game and to transport meat and supplies over long distances, a significant capability when climactic fluctuations changed the migration routes of their prey.

"A hunter without dogs can be considered a half hunter," goes a Greenland folk saying. Because the early Inuit had to get by on what they were able to kill, dogs often meant the difference between survival and starvation. During particularly lean times, the dogs themselves were eaten. "It's entirely possible that dogs enabled those Pleistocene hunters to colonize the New World," says Leonard.

Viking explorers came to Greenland just before the Thule people. Under Erik the Red, they colonized southern Greenland during a time of relatively mild climactic conditions.

Inuit dog teams (opposite) not only pull the sled but alert hunters to the presence of seals nearby. Hunters (top) approach the seal from behind a small blind. After killing two animals, a hunter drags a carcass away from thin ice to be butchered. Inuit dogs (bottom) are taught to wait their turn.

Scholars believe Inuit dogs (at camp on the sea ice) enabled the Inuit to survive Greenland's many rigors. Viking colonists came to Greenland before the Inuit but, refusing to give up their pastoral lifestyle and adopt the Inuit hunting ways, died of starvation.

But when the weather grew colder in the late 14th and early 15th centuries, says UCLA biologist Jared Diamond, the Norsemen "starved to death amid an abundance of ringed seals, fish and whales that only the Inuit hunted." The Inuits survived. They had better boats in the form of kayaks and umiaks, better weapons, with toggle harpoons and bladder floats, and, thanks to their dogs and sleds, far better range.

ONE AFTERNOON four days into our trip, we are zipping across the ice near a series of high cliffs when one of the dogs pulling our sled suddenly throws its nose in the air and turns his head to the right. Another dog does the same. Then another. We scan the horizon in that direction but see only whiteness. Then, after a couple of minutes, Qaerngaq points out two distant dark spots. We turn toward the inert brown shapes and, ten minutes later, stop about 200 yards shy of a pair of seals resting near a breathing hole. Another Inuit hunter, Frank Angmalortoq, draws up on his sled and pulls out a 3- by 3-foot piece of white cloth stretched over a frame of wood mounted on a pair of small skis. The dogs from both teams lie down and wait quietly as Angmalortoq walks carefully toward his quarry behind the snow-colored blind. Within 50 yards of the seals, he lies down, his .222 Remington poking through the blind, and crawls closer. At the sound of the first shot, the dogs take off toward the seals in a furious surge of energy. I barely jump back onto the sled in time.

Angmalortoq has killed two 300- to 400-pound bearded seals. Through holes he cuts into flesh on their heads, Qaerngaq attaches the traces of our dogs, who drag the seals away from the breathing hole toward thicker ice. The other sleds join us, and the hunters butcher both animals in about 45 minutes, load the large squares of meat onto the sleds and leave the blubber behind.

The work has turned the ice scarlet and filled the air with the aroma of fresh meat, which I would think would drive the dogs wild. But they sit silently. Only later will the Inuit hunters feed them, cutting off hunks of the now frozen meat and throwing one piece to one dog at a time, a technique that prevents the larger ones from poaching food from the smaller. We dine on the seals' raw intestine and strips of meat cut from along the backbone, which tastes surprisingly good, though fishier than any game I've tried before.

On day eight, just north of Cape York, Qaerngaq tells us not to wander off alone—polar bears. We've seen their dinner-plate-size paw prints in the snow. At night, the dogs are tied into position to form a living fence around our tents and sleds, a formidable warning system. While our sleep is interrupted on several occasions by the whines and growls of male dogs trying to get at females, no bears approach.

Cape York's several-hundred-foot-high bluff is famous in the annals of exploration as one of Peary's bases for Arctic exploration. It was near Cape York that he found three

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A network of landscaped pathways meanders alongside many of the canals and offers access to the outdoor cafes

and attractions on street level as well as a lovely vantage point of the water for those on foot. Traveling "topless" along A1A, the scenic coast road, is also a treat, especially in one of the many exotic cars or motorcycles available for rental.

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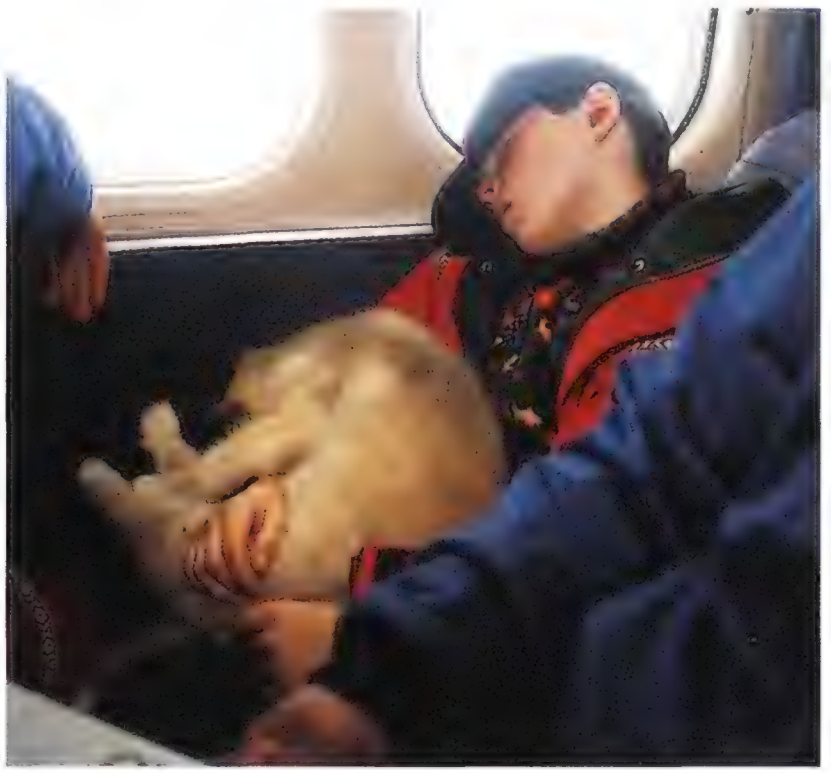
pieces of an immense meteorite. (For centuries, the Inuits used these meteorites as a source of iron for tools.) He took all three pieces and sold them to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Qaerngaq and Ussarqak Henson can wield a whip, or *iperaataq*, with a precision a fly fisherman might envy. A flick of the wrist lands a precise blow to the flank or rump of a dog or a crack above the ear, encouraging it to pick up speed or change directions. Arctic explorer Jean Malaurie observed that "a good driver can strike within one-sixteenth of a square inch of what he aims at." But more often, our hunters guide the teams with voice commands. Schurke describes once watching a hunter command a team of dogs to stay put while he worked his sled down the face of a precipitous, mile-long glacier. Only when he shouted a command from the glacier's base did the dogs begin their own descent. The hunter was even able to guide them around crevasses with voice commands.

Recently, Harvard University anthropologist Brian Hare and his colleagues have demonstrated that dogs interpret human voice and body language far better than chimpanzees or wolves. He speculates that this ability has been developed through selective breeding of dogs by humans over the millennia.

Even so, I notice that Qaerngaq is never without his whip. Once I saw him wade into a canine dispute swinging the wooden whip handle. The dogs separated immediately. Bred to attack polar bears, the dogs can be dangerous. Children are warned not to go near them. I met a 12-year-old girl in Savissivik whose face had been terribly disfigured by a dog attack. When Inuit dogs reach the age of about 8 months, they are placed in a harness in which they'll spend the rest of their lives. Many Inuit knock out some of their dogs' molars or file down their canine teeth so they won't be able to chew their harness and escape. If a dog does break its tether in Qaanaaq, the owner has only two hours to retrieve the animal before it may legally be shot. Concern in Greenland over the Inuit dog's temperament has led to a ban of the animal below the Arctic Circle, about where the sea ice ends. Norwegian Arctic explorer Otto Sverdrup summed up the contradiction of the Inuit dog when he wrote in 1904 that it is "the warmest breath of civilization" but also the "wildest breath of Nature."



When not in school, 12-year-old Peter Schurke (above, heading home with an Inuit dog puppy) helps his father, Paul, take care of some 60 of the animals in Minnesota.

IN 1776, the Danish government established Greenland as a protectorate and closed its borders to trade in the belief, says Rasmus Ole Rasmussen, a professor of North Atlantic regional studies at Denmark's Roskilde University, that Greenland should be "kept more or less isolated from the outside world in order to preserve the traditional culture." (The ban was not lifted until 1950.) A similar logic was applied to snowmobiles, which the Danish government banned for use in hunting in northern Greenland in the 1970s.

Because of the snowmobile ban, the Inuit dog population in Greenland remains robust—about 30,000 animals. In contrast, by the 1970s in Canada, says Ken MacRury, a longtime sled driver who wrote his Cambridge University master's thesis about the Inuit dog, the snowmobile's popularity had reduced the number of Inuit dog teams to a handful; there were none in Alaska or in Canada west of Victoria Island. Today, there are only about 100 purebred animals in Canada and fewer than 150 in the United States.

In 1979, Denmark granted home rule to Greenland, and in 1988 and 1998 the Inuits allowed licensed bird and musk ox hunters to use snowmobiles. As a result, says Rasmussen, there has been a "reduction in the total number of sled dogs during the last few years by at least a third." He thinks the ban will soon be lifted in its entirety. If so, it will be to the dismay of some Inuits. "Hunting is a part of our real life, and using dogs is the most sustainable way to do it," says Aqaluq Lynge, president of the Inuit Circumpolar Conference-Greenland, an Inuit advocacy organization. Most of the Inuit hunters on our trip—at least the older ones—want nothing to do with snowmobiles.

Even if the ban against them is lifted, eco-tourism may keep dog sledding alive. And, says Rasmussen, there will always be traditionalists who choose to work the dogs, much as some farmers prefer old-fashioned, chemical-free methods of growing crops.

ON THE LAST TEN-MILE STRETCH of our trip, with a few dozen houses of Savissivik barely visible in the distance, the wind whips across the ice, and the sky shines a blinding blue. Without a word from the hunters, our dogs and those of another sled begin pulling furiously in their harnesses. We race across the sea ice, hunters, visitors and dogs all straining to beat the other sled. Our team pulls ahead, then the other sled overtakes us. Though we lose the race, we feel exhilarated, not only from the speed and the competition, but by the thrill of dog and human working together, as we have for many thousands of years.

Is that a scowl or just disgust? Facial expressions can be harder to interpret than most of us realize, but help is on the way. Read on

BY RICHARD CONNIFF

IMAGES BY BILL VIOLA AND KIRA PEROV

READING FACES

ONE MORNING NOT LONG AGO, in a classroom at the University of California at San Francisco, a mild, slightly stooped psychology professor named Paul Ekman slipped a CD into a computer. Then he sat back to let his students watch a series of ordinary faces pass across the screen. Each face displayed an emotion for one second, and the task was to identify it as anger, disgust, fear, surprise, sadness, happiness or contempt. The brevity of the display was true to life. Full facial expressions typically last just one-half to two and a half seconds.

In any case, it should have been easy. Ekman's students were themselves teachers with years of experience peering into the faces of their own students for hints of interest, approval or (lately) homicidal rage. But like most groups, this one got half of the 14 test samples wrong.

We often mistake anger for disgust, Ekman told them afterward, because both expressions involve lowering the brow. He showed a photograph of a face in anger and pointed out a secondary distinguishing characteristic, the way the lips pressed together to the point of going white. Then he showed another face, also with lowered brow, but with the telltale sign of disgust, a scrunched-up nose. Once pointed out, the difference was hard to miss.

"Why is that surprise and not fear?" he asked of the next photo. In both expressions, the eyebrows shoot up and the mouth opens. "Because the lips are relaxed. My mother used to call this 'catching flies.'" In fear, he said, the mouth would tighten and pull back toward the ears.

As his students became more adept, Ekman shortened the exposure time. "Anger," someone called out.

"I didn't see anything," a voice protested.

"Don't blink," Ekman said.

It was a tantalizing exercise. Ekman's students usually learn to read facial expressions far more accurately after less than an hour of training. But it was also puzzling. Facial expressions are part of our biological heritage, so shouldn't reading them be second nature?

Six Heads (right), from a video exhibit by artist Bill Viola, conveys some of the astonishing complexity and range of human emotions. Facial muscles are capable of producing some 43 movements, which in turn can create more than 10,000 different expressions, says researcher Paul Ekman.

It can take as little as 200 milliseconds, Ekman says, for a human face to show the effects of one's being startled. A facial expression typically lasts no more than 2.5 seconds. In photographs from Viola's video, *Anima* (above), gradations of joy, sorrow, anger and fear register on an actor's face.

In fact, most of us are dismal at reading faces, particularly faces of strangers. In research studies, police officers and even CIA polygraphers typically do no better than guesswork using facial expressions to separate straight talk from lies. Medical professionals do worse than some amateurs at recognizing pain on a patient's face. And on September 11, 2001, nobody at all noticed anything odd as 19 suicidal hijackers made their way past one airport security camera after another.

Belatedly, it has dawned on much of the modern world that looking at other people's faces, in airports, in crowded subway cars and elsewhere, is something we need to do. And Paul Ekman, 69, is the man to teach us how.

Until Ekman came along, the emotions passing across our faces were about as difficult to measure or analyze as gusts on the surface of the sea. But in the 1970s, Ekman and Wallace Friesen, both psychologists at the University of California at San Francisco, developed a scientific way to recognize and interpret every possible human facial expression.

Their Facial Action Coding System, or FACS, has become the essential tool in the science of faces. The FACS atlas, now on CD-ROM, describes all 43 movements, or "action units," facial muscles can perform, plus all the combinations of action units that we use to produce every imaginable expression—more than 10,000 in all. The system has also given Ekman, whose books include *Unmasking the Face* (with Friesen, 1975), *Telling Lies* (2001) and *Emotions Revealed*, published this spring, the basis for exploring how the face affects every aspect of our lives, from the bonding between mother and child to the expression on a suicide terrorist about to flip the switch. Some critics have argued that Ekman overstates the link between facial expressions and underlying emotions, but zoologist and *Naked Ape* author Desmond Morris credits him with bringing "scientific rigor to a topic all too often treated as an anecdotal game."

Ekman's research has earned him a weirdly diverse following. The Dalai Lama is providing seed money for Ekman to develop a prototype course on "cultivating emotional balance." At the same time, federal counterintelligence agencies routinely hire him to teach the nuances of facial expression for use in interrogating suspected Al Qaeda terrorists.

As if these were not enough, Ekman's work has also enabled *Toy Story*'s Buzz Lightyear, and a generation of cartoon characters since then, to arch their eyebrows and otherwise make faces like real people. Pete Docter, who directed *Monsters, Inc.* for Pixar Animation Studios, says the FACS atlas "made us aware of things" no one had noticed before. It helped "pinpoint the little things that might turn out to be the essence," of, say, a sneer.

Talking with a visitor at his home in the Bay Area on a recent afternoon, Ekman wore slacks, a rumpled, colorful sweater and an expression of contentment, his eyes bright, the outer corners of his lips turned slightly upward. The glass wall of his living room looks out to the Golden Gate Bridge, which, at that moment, was shrouded in fog.

Ekman came to his work, he said, with a natural advantage. "My mother always used to say, 'Stop making those faces, you'll freeze your face.'" He proceeded to make the outer part of his eyebrows pop up and down in alternation. "Less than 2 percent of the population can do this in both eyes," he said. Having a highly mobile face (he can also wiggle his ears independently) is most likely the product of genetic predisposition. "When I was a kid in Newark, New Jersey," he went on, "the ultimate sophisticated expression was like this." He tilted his head to one side and cocked the outer side of his left eyebrow up. (In FACS, this is a U2L, for unilateral outer left frontalis muscle.) Then the inner corner of his right eyebrow came in and slightly down (a U4R, for inner right corrugator muscle). The result was a picture of smirking disbelief. "It's a mechanical system. Everything you see is muscles attached to skin, and they're pulling the skin around. That's what produces expressions."

Ekman got his start in facial expressions as a young psychologist in 1965 when the Department of Defense gave him a grant to figure out which aspects of nonverbal communication are cultural and which are universal. He soon found himself deep in Papua New Guinea with an isolated "Stone Age" tribe. Most of his test subjects had never been outside their own culture, nor ever seen a movie or a photograph. But they raised their eyebrows in surprise, bunched up the

RICHARD CONNIFF's latest book is The Natural History of the Rich: A Field Guide. *KIRA PEROV's photographs are excerpted from* Bill Viola: The Passions, *a catalog published to coincide with a 2003 video installation at the J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles and at the National Gallery, London. The show will be on display in spring 2004 at the Pinakotheks museums in Munich.*

muscles around their eyes in delight, glared in anger much as we do. After conducting a series of experiments over two trips, Ekman concluded that facial expressions are universal—and biologically determined.

At the time, most students of human behavior still believed in the primacy of culture over biology, and Ekman was scorned by anthropologist Margaret Mead, among others. The Department of Defense was taken to task, Ekman says, for "wasting the taxpayers' money studying the facial expressions of savages."

Undeterred, Ekman joined up with Wallace Friesen, and the two of them spent seven years making faces at each other. Anatomists had long since peeled back the skin and recorded the musculature of the face. But no one had charted what those muscles do. Ekman and Friesen cataloged every possible movement by learning to voluntarily move each muscle in their own faces.

Ekman came to believe that our facial expressions are not merely biological but are also hot-wired to our emotions, revealing anger or fear even when we least want them to. It can take just 200 milliseconds (less than a quarter-second) for a stimulus to produce an expression on the human face. The mind needs more than twice as long to recognize that the emotion is even being felt, much less displayed. Ekman argues that this hot-wiring evolved because facial expressions originally served for "honest signaling." Our tribal ancestors lived in small groups of friends and relatives, where putting on a false face to lie or cheat carried the risk of being cast out into a hostile world. When he lived among tribal people in Papua New Guinea, Ekman recalls, "everything was based on cooperation. If they were ostracized, they were basically dead."

Subtle expressions, modeled by Paul Ekman, are very small and affect one region of the face. Clockwise from top left: Neutrality; anger; slight sadness/discouragement; worry/slight fear.

Like other animal behaviors, facial expressions have their own evolutionary history. Smiling, for example, is probably our oldest natural expression. Primatologists connect our smile to the "fear grin" in monkeys, dating back at least 30 million years. For humans, as for monkeys, smiling is a way to disarm and reassure those around us. And apparently the quicker the better: our smile muscles are 90 percent fast-twitch fibers, whereas the muscle that furrows the brow, for instance, lags behind at just 50 percent fast-twitch.

But our facial expressions are also one of the more complex mechanisms in the animal world, and this is what makes them so tantalizing and difficult as clues for detecting lies or preventing crime. For the smile alone, Ekman and Friesen charted the FACS coordinates for about 50 different types, each sending a different message, from flirtatiousness to polite tolerance. But if our faces have evolved to send such nuanced messages, why aren't we better at reading them?

It may be that we're victims of our own recent evolution. Some geneticists date the origin of language back as little as 50,000 years, and the richness of words actually seems to distract us from the older medium of faces. In one study, stroke victims and others whose brain damage makes them less attentive to speech were far better at focusing on facial expression. They picked out the liars 73 percent of the time, an accuracy level rivaled, in Ekman's testing experience, only by the professionally risk-sensitive (and word-averse) agents of the U.S. Secret Service.

We may also "learn to be bad" at reading faces, says Ekman, because we inhabit a drastically different world from the one in which our facial expressions evolved. Instead of spending a lifetime among the familiar faces of a small tribe, we now see hundreds of new faces daily, and we have learned to cope with overcrowding by not looking into the faces of strangers or otherwise intruding on their privacy. We do much better with familiar faces—but not always. His own children, says Ekman, never figured out that when their mother asked,

"Where were you last night?" with her eyebrows down, it was a sure sign she didn't know the answer. Bluffing was still an option. If she asked with her eyebrows up, all hope was lost.

Modern life also encourages people to avoid too much honest signaling with their own facial expressions. Putting on a poker face is a way to avoid contact and preserve privacy and anonymity. In the long lines that have become commonplace at airport security checkpoints, travelers carefully suppress any sign of anger or impatience under what has come to be known as the "airport face." But recovering our half-lost knack for reading faces can be surprisingly easy.

In his San Francisco class on cultivating emotional balance, for example, Ekman's students quickly learned to spot the underlying emotion in expressions projected for just one second. Then Ekman moved on to expressions displayed for less than a fifth of a second. These "microexpressions" can be the most important back channel in a conversation, he explained, because they are involuntary and reveal what isn't being said with words, and often never will be. Ekman and Friesen first discovered microexpressions while studying films of a depressed woman seeking a weekend pass from a mental hospital. She appeared stable. But in slow motion, the researchers caught a flash of utter despair, the corners of her mouth yanking down, the insides of her eyebrows arching up, before the microexpression vanished again behind a smile. Fortunately, doctors at the hospital vetoed her weekend pass. It turned out the woman had been planning to go home to commit suicide. This sort of "leakage" of true feelings frequently occurs when people are telling lies.

LEARNING TO PICK UP these microexpressions gives people a powerful tool for recognizing concealed emotions. Because FACS breaks facial expressions down into all of their component parts, computers can also learn to read faces. So the thinking goes, if we could just link airport security cameras to computers programmed with FACS, maybe we could spot would-be hijackers by a telltale glower or a microexpression of contempt.

Ekman has found that people vary widely in their normal, or "base line," facial expressions. For example, if the inner corners of your eyebrows slant upward, you may look sad even when happy. Critics of Ekman's work argue that facial expressions are not necessarily a "direct readout of underlying emotions." "Across the world's cultures, do happy people smile? Do angry people frown?" asks Boston College psychologist James A. Russell. "Evidence on such questions is missing." Above, in another study from Viola's *Anima*, the same emotions in evidence on pages 46 and 47 find a somewhat different expression on the face of another actor.

"I'm a true believer that reading facial expressions can be done by machines, probably better than by people," says Takeo Kanade, a Carnegie Mellon researcher who is leading a project to develop automated recognition of facial expressions. But sorting out the glitches, he says, could take at least 20 or 30 years. One problem is that computer analysis goes haywire when the subject's head rotates or tilts, as the heads of people in airports routinely do. The computer also misses many microexpressions.

Another problem is that people vary widely in their normal, or "base line," facial expressions. One marker of potential trouble, for example, is the sequence of action unit 12 followed by 15—the corners of the mouth pulling down, then back up, which some experts suggest may indicate chronic anger masked by a polite smile. So a computer seeking Osama bin Laden might zero in on a hard-driving businessperson instead.

But the really daunting problem is that terrorists don't necessarily look "different." They may never glower or sneer. In Israel, extensive interviews with foiled suicide bombers and the families of suicide bombers show that they don't fit any stereotypes. They're not particularly poor or ill-educated. They're not psychopathic. As one of the researchers put it, "They all seemed to be entirely normal members of their families." Then, too, a terrorist might look serene in the belief that he is about to earn his eternal reward.

To some critics, the whole idea that facial expressions are

"It isn't magic, it isn't voodoo," says Sgt. Robert Harms. "It's just one other tool that we have in our bag of tricks."

a direct readout of underlying emotions is flawed. They contend that we may be much better at managing expressions than Ekman has suggested. "Across the world's cultures, do happy people smile? Do angry people frown?" asks Boston College psychologist James A. Russell. "Evidence on such questions is missing." Ekman dismisses his critics as unwilling to acknowledge the importance of biology in shaping human behavior.

He believes the best answer to the complexities of the human face lies not in computers but in the human mind—particularly in a handful of minds with a special gift for reading faces. Over the years, Ekman has identified about 30 such savants, people who consistently score 80 percent or better on his one-hour test of their ability to detect lies. He calls this group the Diogenes Project, after the Greek philosopher who peered into the faces of fellow citizens by lantern light in search of one honest man. Most, such as Sgt. Robert Harms of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department, are in law enforcement.

But even the Diogenes types are not "walking lie detectors," says Harms. They're simply people who have developed the habit of listening harder and watching more closely, because their work depends on it. "It isn't magic, it isn't voodoo," says Harms. "It's just one other tool that we have in our bag of tricks."

If Harms sounds cautious, it's because he's leery of inducing false confidence among people desperate for a simple solution to terrorism. The "Pinocchio syndrome," he says, encourages people to hope there might be one telling facial expression as obvious as Pinocchio's nose. An August 2002 article in the *New Yorker*, for instance, suggested that it was reasonable for a cop with the Diogenes gift to have shot and killed an approaching assailant based on "a hunch, a sense of the situation and the man's behavior and what he glimpsed inside the man's coat and on the man's face."

But being right 80 percent of the time on the Diogenes test is hardly shoot-to-kill accuracy. The cop in the *New Yorker* article, in fact, was Harms, who got out of the car afterward and held the assailant in his arms as he died. Harms says what he actually glimpsed, long enough to read the brand name, was a can of hair spray in one of the assailant's hands, and, in the other, a cigarette lighter. It was a weapon, a makeshift flamethrower capable of torching Harms and his partner. "It wasn't something I was reading in his face, or any kind of cues," Harms says. "It was the totality of the situation."

Most of the time, even Diogenes types need to sit down and talk to get a sense of what's really going on behind a suspect's facial expressions. "You're not looking for lies," says J.J. Newberry, a retired Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms agent and one of the most consistently accurate of the Diogenes group. "You're looking for hot spots," topics that produce a flash of emotion on the face, or a shift in body posture. In one arson case, Newberry noticed the torch man's lips press together in anger at the idea that he'd be taking the fall for the man who'd hired him. It was no more than a microexpression. But it was enough to make Newberry pursue the point. The businessman ended up with an eight-year jail sentence. The torch man served a year.

What careful interviewers look for, says Newberry, are discrepancies, places where words, facial expressions and body language do not jibe. In his book *Telling Lies*, Ekman recounts one such moment in testimony by Vice Admiral John Poindexter during the Congressional investigation into the Iran-Contra scandal. Poindexter, who recently resigned as director of the Pentagon's Information Awareness Program, was national security affairs adviser at the time. His

The knack for reading faces isn't confined to Diogenes types. It's an ability latent within us all—never lost, merely forgotten.

testimony was generally unflappable. But questions about a lunch with the CIA director produced "two very fast micro facial expressions of anger, raised voice pitch, four swallows, and many speech pauses and speech repetitions." Unfortunately, Poindexter's interrogators had no training in facial expressions. So instead of trying to find out why the topic bothered him, they moved on.

But if finding the truth is difficult under the bright lights of a Congressional hearing, how can Ekman's work help people spot danger in an airport or a crowded subway car? Probably the most useful lesson is that ordinary people should pay attention to the people around them and particularly to their revealing discrepancies. The knack for reading faces isn't confined to Diogenes types, or members of Congress, or government counterintelligence agents. It's an ability latent within us all—never lost, merely forgotten. With a little conscious effort, we can get it back again, though it may entail that most dreaded of social interactions: making small talk with strangers in public places. It is a daunting thought. But no government security program, nor any computer network ever likely to be conceived, could possibly match the effectiveness of millions of ordinary people simply making conversation and looking one another in the face.

A few years ago, for instance, a U.S. Customs inspector named Diana Dean leaned over to question a motorist on a ferry in Washington State. His answers didn't make sense, and Dean noticed that he was also acting, as she put it, "hinky." She and the other inspectors searched the trunk of the man's car, and they found nothing. Then they looked in the spare tire well, where they found an olive jar full of a honey-colored liquid.

The driver tried to run away, but the inspectors caught him and locked him in a patrol car. As they turned their attention back to the trunk, Dean noticed that although the suspect was lying down in the rear seat, every once in a while he would peer up over the door rim with wide eyes. One of the other agents was holding up the olive jar and whirling it around. They guessed it was some kind of drug.

In fact, it turned out to be a nitroglycerin-like substance, which the suspect had been planning to use to blow up Los Angeles International Airport. And Dean, who professes no special expertise about faces, realized afterward that the wide-eyed expression she had seen on the suspect in the patrol car was fear. He had been lying down in the back seat to protect himself, because he thought they were all about to be blown to smithereens.

Most of us are, of course, unlikely ever to discover a terrorist or save countless lives, as Dean surely did. But the moral of her story is clear: pay attention to faces, and even when you think the deal is done and the bad guys are safely locked away, keep paying attention. Faces are our best window into other people's hearts. ○

A 15th-century painting by Hieronymus Bosch inspired Viola's 2000 video *The Quintet of the Astonished*, excerpted below. In the work, five actors simulate, as he puts it, a "compressed range of conflicting emotions from laughing to crying."

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Coming to America

A Somali Bantu refugee family leaves 19th-century travails behind in Africa to take up life in 21st-century Phoenix

BY GREGORY JAYNES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHE CALAIS

The Lamungus (in Phoenix in October) were amazed that people live atop one another and that white people panhandle.

Camp Kakuma II, on the Sudanese border, is home to some 12,000 Somali Bantus awaiting resettlement. "I never realize I am going to America until I see my name on the board," Hassan said of life at Kakuma. "I cannot describe my happiness. Everybody hugs us."

THE UNSKILLED, THIRD-WORLD refugee must find within himself a knack for patience. Life would be unbearable without it. In the camps, there is little to do. There is seldom electric light in the dirt-floored, tin-roof shack he and his family are provided, and so they wait for sundown and rest, and sunrise and food. They wait for reprieve, for resettlement. When years pass without change, they wait for the end of time.

For the Lamungu family, people of the loathed and preyed upon Bantu tribe of Somalia, it was 12 years of flight and waiting, squatting on their heels in the shade of an acacia, or thorn tree, before despair descended upon them, hitting the man of the house, Hassan, especially hard.

Hassan, who is 42 years old, looked after his mother, Kadija, 61, his wife, Nurto, 38, and his children: Halima, 16; Arbai, 14; Mohamed, 9; Amina, 6; Shamsi, 4; and Abdulwahad, 2. The four youngest children were born in the camps. The older two girls were born in their village, Manamofa, in southwest Somalia. There, the parents were married, in a year they cannot recall, although the ceremony is still vivid to them. This is Hassan's recollection, filtered through an interpreter: "Her father and my father go together and sign the contract. After they sign the contract, then they make daytime lunch. They slaughter cows and goats, and everybody eats and everybody becomes happy. The groom's family gives to the bride's family a month of sheep and goats and some money, if we have some. Then at nighttime we sing and dance, and then we are married. Then the bride and the groom go home." Hassan smiled at that last part, and Nurto covered her blush with her hand.

In Manamofa, Hassan, a one-eyed farmer (his right eye was shuttered by a childhood disease that he can describe only as "like chicken pox"), tended livestock, and grew maize, tomatoes, plantain and whatever else he could coax from the soil. To those unaccustomed to a humid heat that breaks on the cheek like a tear, or days so ablaze the back of a wristwatch could raise a blister, the life would appear unbearably hard. But the Bantu of Manamofa had known so much persecution that, left to farm for themselves, they were serene.

The Bantu's roots are in Mozambique and Tanzania. Outnumbered by other tribes, they have risen scarcely a rung since their days as slaves a century ago. In Somalia, they have ever been a minority ethnic group, second-, third-, in some minds even fourth-class citizens. They have been excluded from education, the idea being to keep them as menials, the word "slave" having passed out of fashion. Even physically they stand apart from the Somali majority, who, given their Arabic bloodline, tend to be identifiable by their thinner lips

GREGORY JAYNES is writing a history of the New York City police department. Photographer CHRISTOPHE CALAIS has covered Rwanda and Iraq and is documenting the Bantu relocation.

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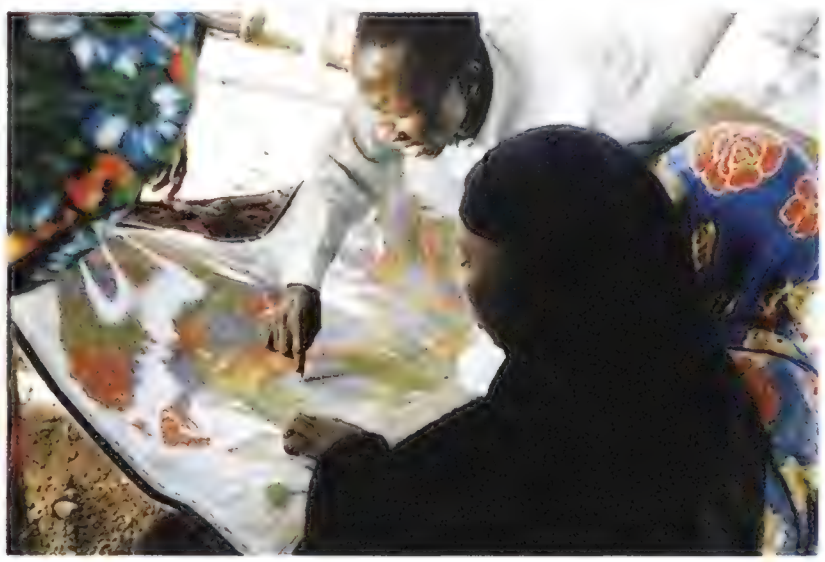
May 17, 2003: the Lamungus (from left to right: Hassan; Nurto, holding Abdulwahad; Amina; Shamsi; Mohamed; Halima; Kadija and Arbai) left Kenya with a suitcase and two plastic bags. "We had no possessions. No assets," says Hassan (below, at Kakuma).

and aquiline noses. Think Iman, the high-fashion model. The Somali majority has been known to refer to sub-Saharan Africans like the Bantu, who have kinkier hair than their oppressors and a nose that is broader and flatter, as "tight hairs" and "fat noses."

The Somali civil war in the early 1990s brought an anarchic horde down upon the Bantu. Hassan, speaking again through an interpreter: "Militiamen from two tribes come to the village. A lot of guns. They come through our house. They break down the door with the bullets of their guns. They robbed us. They took the maize, the barley, the wheat. No, they did not harm us."

The family fled on foot to Kismayu, the market town a three-day walk away on the Indian Ocean, where they had always taken their crops after the harvest. This was in 1991. Hassan: "We walked only in the nighttime because in the daytime the militia will see you and shoot you." On the coast, Hassan got a $1-a-day job helping the warlords fence their loot. The militia had torn out most of the wiring in the country, and Hassan would cut the cables, especially the copper, into pieces more manageable for sale or transport. After paying him for a day's labor, the militia would hold him up on his way home. He soon learned to get himself quickly to the town market and to hide his money inside the belly of a stinky fish or some vital organ of a goat.



Then, for 14 nights, Hassan and his family walked along the coast to the Kenyan border. They joined a long, dusty line of refugees. They carried only corn, water and sugar. As they stepped over the corpses of those who didn't make it, they became afraid they themselves would die. Four refugee camps later, they were still alive. They stayed in one, Marafa, near Malindi, in Kenya, for three years, beginning in 1992. At the request of Kenyan officials, the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees closed the camp. But the Bantu refused to leave. Denied food and water, they hung on for three months. Then the Kenyans burned their tents.

The Lamungus' story does not lift up from the unrelievably grim until May 2003. They had learned in 2001 they had a shot at resettlement in

"Some people in the refugee camp get money from relatives in America," says Hassan Lamungu. "They send money. I was dreaming about this life—being the people in America who send *back* money."

"We did not even have one chicken," says Halima (left, at Camp Kakuma, inspecting a dollar bill) with derision. At the camp, the Lamungus were given cultural orientation classes by staff members of the International Organization for Migration. The family learned about calling 911 for emergencies (top) but didn't understand that they had to push buttons on the phone to make a connection. At first, some family members thought a toilet was a chair. When a teacher pantomimed how to use toilet paper, everybody laughed. On the last day of classes, the women (above) had to cook an omelet, which was easier for them than using a knife and fork.

The first time the Lamungus went to a supermarket (Hassan, Mohamed and Halima in Phoenix in May), they were surprised that the air was cooler inside the store than outside. Halima (below) took quickly to Western ways. Today she wears jeans and makeup.

America. They were then among thousands in the Kakuma camp in Kenya. The cold war was done, and the State Department had turned its eyes from Soviet and Vietnamese refugees to the displaced millions in Africa. From 1991 to 2001, the number of African refugees let into the United States leapt from under 5 percent of the total number of refugees to nearly 30 percent. Hassan got himself to the head of the line and commenced the processing.

Hassan: "I become happy. Some people in the refugee camp get money from relatives in America. They send money. I was dreaming about this life—being the people in America who send *back* money." The wait lengthened beyond a year. What had happened was the September 11 attacks. Before 9/11, the State Department had intended to resettle as many as 12,000 Somali Bantu to new homes in the United States. But all of a sudden Somalia and Kenya were seen as breeding grounds for terrorists. The red tape for getting into the States became longer than the security lines at American airports. "We lose hope," says Hassan. "We become depressed. We forget about America. This is just illusion. We become tired morally. This is just a lie."

Then, last spring, Hassan Lamungu's name went up on a chalkboard in the camp. "I never realize I am going to America until I see my name on the board. I cannot describe my happiness. Everybody hugs us."

The grandmother, Kadija, speaks through the interpreter: "Everyone says we are so lucky. Hassan—they are kissing him. Shaking hands. A lot of feelings. Everyone follows us the seven kilometers to the airfield and waves goodbye."

On May 22, 2003, the family of nine flew to Brussels, to Atlanta, and touched down in Phoenix. On the planes, they had trembled with fright. On the ground, the fear disappeared. Most of their possessions came to them on the luggage conveyor in one stuffed nylon bag. The rest were in plastic carry-ons.

I asked Hassan if he was sad to leave things behind. He laughed. "We had no possessions. No assets." The daughter Halima, the 16-year-old, rocked on her heels, saying with derision, "We did not even have one chicken." The

Until the Lamungu children (above, Shamsi, Arbai, Abdulwahad and Mohamed in October) came to Phoenix, they had never taken a shower and at first were afraid of the water pressure. Amina and Shamsi (below) took quickly to TV and to Big Macs.

interpreter, Ahmed Issa Ibrahim, explained: "To not have one chicken is the bottom of Somali poverty."

Though the United States has committed itself to relocating thousands of Somali Bantu, what with the slowness of bureaucracy, only a few hundred families have made it so far. Those who have, like the Lamungus, have found the adjustment challenging. Christophe Calais, the photographer whose work accompanies this text (or more precisely, the composer upon whom these lyrics ride), told me he read a study in Somalia that said these people were coming from a standard of living that has not existed in the developed world since 1860. So the distance in miles is nothing alongside the distance in time.

THE STOVE—many meals were burned, Hassan said, looking at the women of the house, who had until recently gathered firewood at the risk of being raped. The flush toilet. The bush still feels more familiar. The telephone: at a ten-day orientation, the Lamungus were taught to call 911 in case of emergency. They picked up the model phone and said, "911," not knowing one had to press the buttons.

Today, Hassan, his wife and the younger children have a three-room flat in the Hill 'n Dell, a low-income housing project on a desolate rim of Phoenix, out beyond the airport. Across a courtyard interrupted by pines, eucalyptus, oleander and palms lives the grandmother with the two oldest girls, who have just learned from a Mexican woman how to apply makeup. They make up, then put on their veils to go outside. The family is Muslim.

When I was with them, there was bony goat meat and rice in a pot in the kitchen. There was not a single coat hanger in either apartment. All of their worldly goods, most of them donated, were in plastic trash bags, giving the rooms the feel of caravans put in for the night. The Lamungus rarely turn on any lights, being accustomed to dark shelter. The kids like cartoons on the TV, however. And they adore McDonald's. The whole family belches incessantly, apologizing that it must have to do with the change in diet—they know it is rude. On the other hand, Hassan is offended when someone crooks a finger

In the same boat: Of his new life, Hassan Lamungu (with Halima and Arbai on a drenching water ride at the Arizona State Fair in October) says: "We can live in peace. There is a law in America: nobody can take your life. That's what makes me believe in peace."

to beckon at him; in his world, that is the way you call a dog.

We went to the Arizona State Fair on a Saturday. At the entrance, to the left, was a fenced-in pen with two camels, a children's ride. Hassan looked at the beasts of his culture wondering what kind of people could take pleasure in them; the kids went right on, paying them no mind. They could live the rest of their lives without any more camels. The Ferris wheel was what they were after.

Sophistication is coming. The first supermarket they entered, they were not surprised by the bounty—it's America, it's supposed to be bountiful—but they wondered why it was cooler inside than outside. Hassan says the family took to air conditioning immediately. For those perspiring moments outside, a social worker steered them toward a shelf of deodorants. The Lamungus dutifully bought some, took them home and put them in the refrigerator, where they remain.

Hassan got a job as a cleaning man but lost it—last hired, first fired. Now he works at the airport, collecting luggage carts. So far, the federal and state assistance has been ample, along with food stamps. The family has gone from sleeping on the floor, being frightened by noises in the night, to a feeling of security. Hassan: "We can live in peace. There is a law in America: nobody can take your life. That's what makes me believe in peace. I want my children to have a good education up to college level and me too. I want to live like the people who live in America—only better. I want to work."

Another day, I asked Janell Mousseau, the resettlement supervisor for the Lutheran Social Ministry of the Southwest, whether drugs would be a temptation for the children. All are in school now. She said, "Drugs aren't the problem with refugee kids. What happens is the family dynamic changes when the kids gain power. They get the language first, and they know it, and they abuse it. It is devastating to the parents."

For the moment, however, all the Lamungus are in the same boat. One Friday afternoon, Hassan drove me cross town to fetch Mohamed and Amina from school. He was at the wheel of the $1,200 1999 Ford Taurus he bought with state and local financial assistance; 209,000 miles on the odometer and a radiator that wanted unemployment, the right rear tire whining all the while. Hassan has learned to drive, but he is frightened of the freeway. He is a little lead-footed off the lights, but otherwise a careful driver. We arrived at the tolling of the bell, 3 p.m. But on this day school had let out at 11 a.m. because of the state fair. The school had emptied, all except for Mohamed and Amina and the principal. The Lamungu children sat in the principal's office for four hours waiting for their father. When at last they got into the Taurus, they did not complain. Four hours had been no test at all of their patience. When they got into the back seat, they buckled their seat belts, reminded their dad to buckle his, and slept like angels all the way home. ○

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Divided Loy

Descended from American Colonists who fled north rather than join the revolution, Canada's Tories still raise their tankards to King George

BY DAVID DEVOSS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSÉ AZEL

THE INVITATION ARRIVED with a question: "Since we'll be dining in the 18th century," it read, "would you mind wearing a British Redcoat? Also, you'll be expected to swear loyalty to King George. I hope this won't be a problem."

A week later, I found myself inside a drafty Gothic church in the center of Saint John, New Brunswick, surrounded by dozens of costumed historical reenactors, each channeling the personality of a long-dead Tory or Hessian. They had come from all over Maritime Canada—the Atlantic Seaboard provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—to celebrate the 225th anniversary of DeLancey's Brigade, one of 53 Loyalist regiments that fought alongside the British during America's Revolutionary War. Up from Shelburne, Nova Scotia, came the Prince of Wales American Regiment. The Royal American Fencibles crossed the Bay of Fundy from Yarmouth. So did officers from the Kings Orange Rangers in Liverpool. Amid the rustle of women's petticoats and the flash of regimental swords, they greeted a cast of characters straight out of Colonial America: a quietly earnest parson garbed in black, wearing the swallow-tailed collar of an Anglican cleric, and a buckskinned spy with the British Indian Department, who confided he was busy organizing Iroquois raids on the Continental Army.

Seated at a table groaning under the weight of 18th-century-style comestibles—a tureen of turnip soup made from a 1740 recipe; a bowl of heirloom apples not sold commercially in more than a century; and a marzipan dessert shaped to resemble a hedgehog—it was easy to slip into a parallel universe. At this regimental gathering, there was no discussion of the war on terrorism. Instead, we lamented General Burgoyne's blunder at the Battle of Saratoga in 1777 and congratulated ourselves on how well Loyalists were fighting in the Carolinas. "These clothes just feel right," whispered military historian Terry Hawkins, a red-coated lieutenant colonel, amid a chorus of huzzahs offered to George III. "I belong in this scene."

Unlike many Civil War aficionados, who even today bear the burden of the Confederacy's lost cause, Canadian Tories are sanguine about the outcome of their war: the British de-

Tory reenactors (performing an English contredanse in Shelburne, Nova Scotia) take their ancestors' defeat at the hands of Americans in stride. Says one Loyalist: "We still view the U.S. as a dysfunctional family we just had to leave."

Loyalists (embarking from New York Harbor in 1783, top) fled to Britain's four Canadian colonies (shown in a 1780s Eastern Seaboard map), particularly what is now New Brunswick.

feat, to their way of thinking, ensured that they escaped the chaos of American democracy. "After Harold and I participated in a reenactment of the Battle of Bunker Hill, we took the kids out to Cape Cod for a swim," remembers a smiling Wendy Steele, who wore a voluminous, hoop-skirt gown of the kind popular in the 1780s. "They paraded along the beach shouting, 'George Washington is rebel scum.' What a *marvelous* vacation it was!"

When the minstrels had finished singing "Old Soldiers of the King" and launched into "Roast Beef of Old England," I returned the borrowed trappings of empire and strolled down Charlotte Street through the late summer twilight. Ahead lay the old Loyalist burial ground; the corner where Benedict Arnold once lived; and King's Square, whose diagonal crosswalks are arrayed to resemble a Union Jack. To the right loomed Trinity Church, spiritual successor of the Lower Manhattan structure abandoned by its Anglican congregation following Britain's defeat in 1781.

Inside the silent church, gray stone walls covered with chiseled plaques commemorate those "who sacrificed at the call of duty their homes in the old colonies." The plaques told a story of loss and removal. Somewhere inside the sacristy lay a silver communion chalice bestowed upon Saint John's founders by George III. But high above the nave hung what is surely the church's most highly valued treasure: a gilded coat of arms—the escutcheon of Britain's Hanoverian dynasty—that once adorned the Council Chamber of the Old State House in Boston.

"We grew up with the knowledge that our ancestors were refugees who had been robbed and tortured because of their loyalty," says Elizabeth Lowe, a fifth-generation descendant of Benedict Arnold's cousin Oliver. "We may have learned to accept the Americans, but we will never forget our history."

SCHOOLS TEACH AMERICAN CHILDREN that our revolutionary struggle was a popular uprising against heavy-handed taxes and self-serving imperialism. But the fight for independence was also a bloody civil war in which perhaps one out of five Americans preferred to remain a British subject. Massachusetts and Virginia undoubtedly were hotbeds of revolt, but New York, Georgia and the Carolinas contained sizable populations loyal to the Crown. "Rebels gained control of New England early in the war," says historian John Shy,

DAVID DEVOSS, a freelancer who works from Santa Monica, California, writes frequently on American history. Photographer JOSÉ AZEL is the founder of Aurora Photos in Lovell, Maine.

CANADIAN HERITAGE GALLERY, PRIVATE COLLECTION / BRIDGEMAN ART

professor emeritus at the University of Michigan. "Americans who mistrusted New England never embraced the Revolution, and neither did Indians on the frontier who thought independence would lead to further encroachment on their land. The bloodiest fighting occurred in the Carolinas where the populations were equally divided."

Divisions within Colonial society extended into even the founding fathers' families. Benjamin Franklin's son William defied his father and remained Royal Governor of New Jersey until his arrest in 1776. (After his release in 1778, William eventually fled to England; he and his father were forever estranged.) George Washington's mother and several of his cousins, not to mention Virginia's influential Fairfax family, were Tory. John Adams and John Hancock both had in-laws outspokenly loyal to King George. Several delegates to the Continental Congress were related by marriage to active Tories. "All families are liable to have degenerate members," declared New Jersey delegate William Livingston upon the arrest of his nephew. "Among the twelve apostles, there was at least one traitor."

The Tories (arriving in Nova Scotia in the late 1700s) found eastern Canada to be a wild and forbidding country. Wrote settler Sarah Frost: "It is, I think, the roughest land I ever saw."

To keep Tories (a derisive 17th-century term first applied by English Puritans to supporters of Charles II that came to define people who disagreed with the Revolution) in line once the Declaration of Independence was signed, most states enacted restrictive "Test Acts" that required their citizens to formally denounce the British Crown and swear allegiance to his or her resident state. Those who failed to take the oath were subject to imprisonment, double and triple taxation, confiscation of property and banishment. Neither could they collect debts, buy land or defend themselves in court. Connecticut made it illegal for these Loyalists to criticize Congress or the Connecticut General Assembly. South Carolina required supporters of the Crown to make reparations to victims of all robberies committed in their counties. Congress quarantined the entire population of Queens County, New York, for its reluctance to join patriot militias.

Many in the Continental Congress defended the Test Acts, arguing that money from the sale of confiscated property could be used to buy Continental loan certificates—war bonds of the day. George Washington described fleeing Tories as "unhappy wretches" who "ought to have . . . long ago committed suicide." When one of his generals tried to put a stop to physical violence directed against Loyalists, Washington wrote that "to discourage such proceedings was to injure the cause of Liberty in which they were engaged, and that nobody would attempt it but an enemy to his country."

Anti-Tory sentiment was especially intense in Massachusetts. When 1,000 Loyalists fled Boston along with British general William Howe in March 1776, Colonists sang:

The Tories with their brats and wives
Should fly to save their wretched lives.

Though neither side was blameless when it came to gratuitous cruelty, probably no combatants suffered more than those in Loyalist regiments. British, Hessian and American officers all loosely adhered to an accepted code of conduct that held that soldiers were prisoners of war who could be exchanged or released on parole if they promised to refrain from further fighting. But Tories were viewed as traitors who, if caught, could be banished to the frontier, imprisoned indefinitely or executed. "In this war," one Tory sympathizer would write, "only those who are loyal are treated as rebels."

After the October 1780 battle at Kings Mountain, South Carolina, in which nearly 200 Tory militiamen died, victorious patriots lynched 18 Loyalists on the battlefield, then marched the remaining prisoners north. After a week on the road, the starving, ragtag procession had traveled only 40 miles. To speed up the pace, patriot officers summarily convicted 36 Tories of general mayhem and began stringing them up three at a time. After nine Tories were hanged from the limb of an oak tree, the killing was halted, to the distress of one colonial who remarked, "Would to God every tree in the wilderness bore such fruit as that."

Curiously, Tories suffered even at the hands of British officers who, for the most part, dismissed them as ignorant provincials. The British especially distrusted Loyalist militia regiments, claiming that they were slow to follow orders and often went off on their own to seek revenge against those who had destroyed their property.

This contemptuous attitude may explain why Lord Cornwallis, when he surrendered at Yorktown in 1781, yielded to Washington's demand that Tories be turned over to victorious Continental soldiers as prisoners of state, not war, thus allowing them to be executed as traitors. As the British sloop *Bonetta* set sail from Yorktown, hundreds of Tories frantically rowed after the departing ship. All but 14 were overtaken and brought back to shore.

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Nearly two more years would pass before the Treaty of Paris was signed and the British departed from the United States. Much of the delay resulted from disagreements about what to do with the Tories. During treaty negotiations in France, British officials wanted all property and full legal rights returned to those who had been dispossessed. American negotiators adamantly refused. In the end, the treaty stipulated that Congress would "earnestly recommend" that "the legislatures of the respective states" curtail persecution and that Loyalists be given 12 months to reclaim their property. But Congress had no power to enforce the provisions, and Britain lacked the will to ensure compliance. As one cynical Loyalist wrote:

'Tis an honor to serve the bravest of nations
And be left to be hanged in their capitulations.

BY THE SPRING OF 1783, a massive refugee exodus was under way. At a time when the total population of America was about 2.5 million, an estimated 100,000 Tories, up to 2,000 Indians, most of them Iroquois, and perhaps 6,000 former slaves were forced to leave the country. The Iroquois crossed into Canada. Many slaves who had agreed to fight for Britain, in return for a promise of freedom, went to Nova Scotia; many of them later immigrated to Sierra Leone. Several thousand Tories moved to the Bahamas. Another 10,000 settled in Jamaica and the rest of the British West Indies. Florida, then a British possession, was swamped with new arrivals, as was Ontario, then known as Upper Canada. But the largest number, perhaps as many as 40,000 in all, headed for the British colony of Nova Scotia.

Newly independent Americans scoffed at the notion that anyone would willingly live in "Nova Scarcity." One Tory refugee described the colony as a land "covered with a cold, spongy moss, instead of grass," adding that "the entire country is wrapt in the gloom of perpetual fog."

But Nova Scotia was not without its virtues. Largely uninhabited, the colony, roughly comprising present-day New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, plus part of what is now Maine, was covered by virgin forest, a considerable resource given that all ships were constructed of timber. Just off the coast, the Grand Banks was the most fertile fishing ground in the world. But the most important advantage accrued from Britain's Navigation Act, which required trade between its Atlantic dominions to be carried in British or colonial vessels. Let America look west to its new Mississippi frontier. Nova Scotia's displaced merchants would soon monopolize commerce with the West Indies.

"It is, I think, the roughest land I ever saw," wrote Stamford, Connecticut's Sarah Frost upon arriving at the mouth of the St. John River early in the summer of 1783. "We are all ordered to land tomorrow, and not a shelter to go under." Others viewed their exile in even bleaker terms. Noted one Loyalist: "I watched the sails disappearing in the distance, and such a feeling of loneliness came over me that although I had not shed a tear through all the war, I sat down on the damp moss with my baby on my lap, and cried bitterly."

Despite the dislocation angst, Nova Scotia grew rapidly over a 12-month span. Within a few months, the port of Shelburne on Nova Scotia's south coast had 8,000 residents, three newspapers and was well on its way to becoming the fourth-largest city in North America. After observing the diversity of talent in the region's growing population, Edward Winslow, a Tory colonel from Massachusetts who later became a judge in New Brunswick, predicted, "By Heaven, we will be the envy of the American states."

Some Loyalist leaders wanted to replicate 18th-century England, in which the rich lived off large estates with tenant farmers. "But most of the new arrivals were infected with America's democratic ideals," says Ronald Rees, author of *Land of the Loyalists*. "Nobody wanted to be a tenant farmer anymore. More than a few Tories condemned 'this cursed republican town meeting spirit.'"

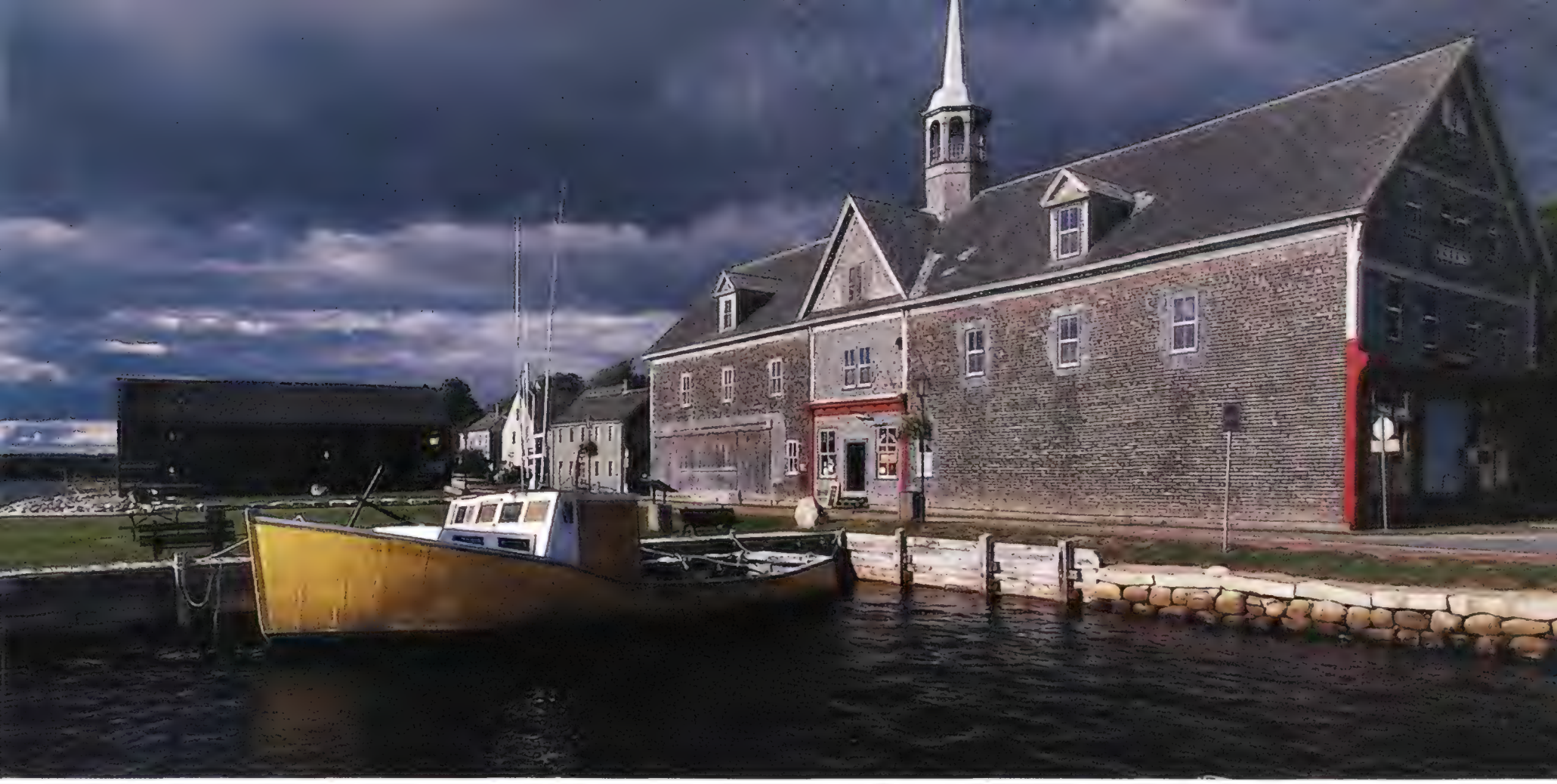
By the mid-19th century, Britain had begun eliminating trade protections for Maritime Canada, thereby putting

In Saint John, New Brunswick's burial ground (where children inspect 18th-century tombstones), the grave markers—laid out in the pattern of a Union Jack—reflect fierce loyalty to Britain.

these colonies at a disadvantage relative to its much more developed American states. "Britain's embrace of free trade was the killer blow," says Rees. "By 1870, steam had replaced sail, and all the best lumber had been cut. Once all the timber was gone, the Loyalists had nothing the British wanted."

INSIDE NEW BRUNSWICK'S provincial legislature, enormous portraits of George III, whose erratic behavior eventually gave way to insanity, and his wife, the self-effacing Queen Charlotte, dominate a chamber that replicates Britain's House of Commons. And the image of a British galleon, similar to those that carried Loyalists from America, adorns the provincial flag. Beneath the ship floats New

ILL. PHOTOGRAPHS JONATH AURORA



Adherence to English tradition is prized in Shelburne (top), founded by Loyalist refugees in 1783, and Fredericton, where the twice-daily changing of the guard remains a popular ritual.

Brunswick's resolute motto: *Spem Reduxit* (Hope Restored).

"There is no place on earth more loyal than here," says historian Robert Dallison, as he ambles through Fredericton's Old Public Burial Ground, past tombs whose weathered epitaphs relate a story of unvarying defiance and privation. Leaving the cemetery, Dallison drives down to the St. John River and turns onto Waterloo Row. On the left, a number of stately properties stand on land first developed by Benedict Arnold. On the right, down a gravel road past an overgrown softball field, several stones in a pool of mud mark the anonymous graves of starved Loyalists hastily buried during the harsh winter of 1783-84, a period Maritime history books call "the hungry year."

Maritime Canada's living monument to its Loyalist past lies just north of Fredericton at Kings Landing, a 300-acre historical settlement that comes alive each summer when 175 costumed employees work in and about 100 relocated homes, barns, shops and mills that once belonged to Loyalists and their descendants. At Kings Landing, it's possible to sample a hearth-baked rhubarb tart, observe the making of lye soap and learn how to cure a variety of maladies from Valerie Marr, who in her role as a colonial healer, tends what appears to be a sprawling patch of weeds. "A Loyalist woman needed all these plants if she expected her family to survive," Marr says. "Butterfly weed cures pleurisy. Tansy reduces arthritic pain if it's mixed with a bit of vinegar." Marr, who is 47, has worked at Kings Landing for 26 years. "I tell my friends that I've spent half my life in the 19th century," she says with a laugh.

Kings Landing gardeners grow heirloom fruits, flowers and vegetables in demonstration plots and work with Cornell University to preserve a variety of apples no longer sold commercially. Various traditional species of livestock, including Cotswold sheep, are bred here as well. "Kings Landing is a living portrait of a society striving to regain what it lost in the American Revolution," says chief curator Darrell Butler. "We're re-creating history."

No less a luminary than England's Prince Charles attended the 1983 bicentennial celebration of the Penobscot Loyalists' mass migration to Canada. "I was wearing my United Empire Loyalist pin when I met Charles," sighs retired teacher Jeannie Stinson. "I told him that everybody in my family is a Loyalist. He smiled and told me that I didn't look 200 years old."

America's Tories were among the British subjects who transformed Canada, which was largely French territory until 1763, into an English-speaking country. Today some 3.5 million Canadians—more than 10 percent of the country's pop-

ulation—are direct descendants of Americans on the losing side of the Revolutionary War. But the world moves on. Memories fade, values morph, new people arrive. For more than two centuries, Saint John, New Brunswick, proclaimed itself the Loyalist City, and schools were dismissed and merchants donned colonial garb when Saint John annually memorialized the arrival of Sarah Frost and her fellow Tories. Today, however, Saint John styles itself as "The Fundy City" and celebrates the ebb and flow of the Bay of Fundy's tides, to the dismay of some.

"What exactly is a 'Fundy City?'" grumps Eric Teed, an Anglophile barrister who is the former president of the New Brunswick chapter of United Empire Loyalists (UEL). "Saint John is the Loyalist City, but now there's all this cultural competition for heritage marketing."

To keep their ancestors' accomplishments from being forgotten, in 2001 the UEL published a curriculum aid for history teachers entitled *The Loyalists: Pioneers and Settlers of the Maritimes*. "We distributed it free of charge to all of the schools, but I don't think it is being used," says Frances Morrisey, a UEL descendant of one of New Brunswick's founding fathers. "Loyalists gave Canada peace, order and good government, but now they're being forgotten."

Saint John's mayor, Shirley McAlary, sees no cause for concern. "There are a lot of new people living here who have no connection to the UEL," she says. "The Loyalist people are growing older and their children are leaving. Now it's the Irish who are stronger and more united. It's hard to keep history alive if it doesn't change."

In the nearby town of Liverpool, on Nova Scotia's rocky Atlantic shore, history needs no re-creation. On the anniversary of George III's birthday, John Leefe, whose Huguenot ancestors were forced to flee Mount Bethel, Pennsylvania, 220 years ago, bivouacs with the Kings Orange

At Kings Landing (where a reenactor mills flour, top) and in Saint John (where colonial-garbed Tories convene), Loyalist pride endures. Says a Tory: "My forefathers stood for their beliefs."

Rangers, a re-created regiment of 50 historical reenactors formally recognized by the British government. And each summer Leefe, who is mayor of the surrounding municipal region, presides over Privateer Days, a community gala celebrating Loyalist pirates who raided U.S. shipping following the Revolutionary War.

"My own family was living in America 100 years before the Revolution even began. Perhaps that is why I use every occasion to toast King George," Leefe says with a smile. "Canada is a mosaic, not a melting pot, and that allows people to remember their family history," he adds. "Loyalists still view the United States as a dysfunctional family we just had to leave." ○

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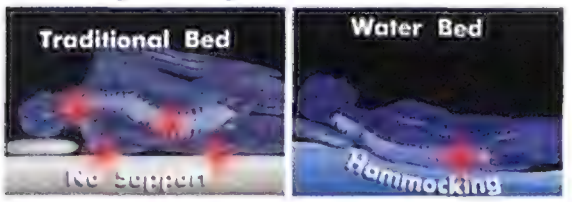

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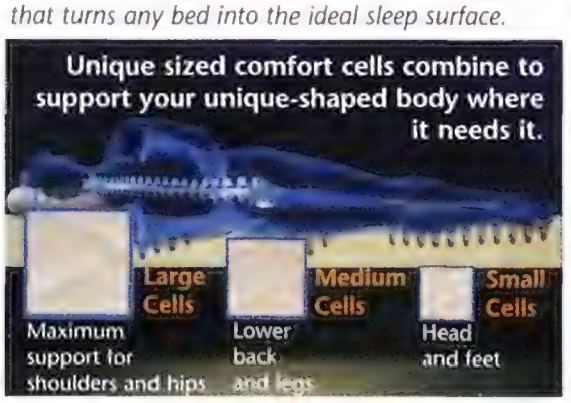
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President Elect (1960-61/1964), Rosenquist's first major painting to combine enlarged fragments, draws on his many years as a billboard painter. The cake and car fender represent Kennedy's promise of prosperity.

Big!

Pop artist James Rosenquist returns to the limelight with a dazzling retrospective of his larger-than-life works

BY BRUCE WATSON

AS A YOUNG MAN IN THE 1950S, James Rosenquist dabbled in shapes, squiggles and splotches like lots of young American artists in thrall to Jackson Pollock and other Abstract Expressionists. But at his day job, Rosenquist created on a larger canvas. Hanging from ropes or standing on scaffolding high above Times Square, he painted the signs of the times—billboards. Rosenquist rendered

men's shirts, celebrity faces and whiskey bottles so large he could barely recognize them from point-blank range. His billboards were enormous, but were they art? Not yet.

"I'd paint a 60-foot glass of beer beautifully, with bubbles and the right yellow and everything," Rosenquist, 70, recalled in art critic Robert Hughes' *American Visions*, "and the salesman would come along and say 'James, that beer doesn't have enough hops in it. Make it a little lighter.' So I did it one-thousandth degree lighter, the whole damn thing. . . . The next day I painted an Arrow shirt twenty feet high. 'James, the collar looks dirty. You gotta change the collar'. . . . So I had all this color. I had Ford Seafoam green. I had dirty beer color, wrong hops. I had dirty Arrow shirt color. I took that paint home. . . . Then it dawned on me. Why don't I try to make a mysterious painting by doing enlarged fragments . . . . " While adding mystique to his studio art—juxtaposing commercial and commonplace images in bizarre combinations (a plate of spaghetti below a reclining woman and the grille of an old Ford)—Rosenquist continued to paint billboards. He was fired from some jobs, laid off from others, but his gregarious Midwestern manner kept him busy.

By 1963, the 29-year-old Rosenquist had joined Jim Dine, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and Claes Oldenburg in America's hottest cultural craze—Pop art. He sold out his first one-man show, at Manhattan's Green Gallery, only to find himself belittled as one of Pop's "New Vulgarians." In the four decades since, he has ignored the critics and continued to create bold paintings, many so monumental they cover all four walls of a gallery, most a cryptic mix of images—from butterflies and bacon to paper clips and flowers. His montages of everyday objects have taken him beyond Pop into his own distinct interpretations of Surrealism and Photo-Realism. Now his work, which he calls "visual inflation," is enjoying its first comprehensive exhibition since 1972.

"James Rosenquist: A Retrospective" opened last spring at the Menil Collection and the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, and is on display at New York City's Guggenheim Museum through January 25, 2004. (It will travel to the Guggenheim in Bilbao, Spain, in the spring.) The exhibition features some 200 sculptures, drawings, prints, collages and the artist's signature, room-size paintings. "Rosenquist always seemed a unique figure to me, not like Warhol or Lichtenstein," says the Guggenheim's senior curator of 20th-century art, Walter Hopps, who organized America's first Pop show in 1962 as well as the current Rosenquist exhibition. "He's not so much a Pop artist as an imagist. He reconstructs things in really imaginative ways, with truly amazing and complex imagery."

Some visitors to the retrospective may find themselves overwhelmed as they gawk at pencils lined up to resemble a spaceship; drill bits boring down on a lipstick's traces; a woman's fingernail morphing into the tip of a fountain pen. What do they all mean? "The subject matter isn't popular images," the artist has said. "It isn't that at all."

To Rosenquist, objects are less important than the associations between them. "Living in the Plains," Rosenquist told Hopps, "you'd see surreal things; you'd see mirages. I'm sitting on the front porch, as a little kid at sunset, and the sun is in back of me, and walking across the horizon is a Trojan horse four stories tall. . . . It was the neighbor's white stallion, which had got loose, caught the light in the heat and looked four stories tall. These kinds of little things make, I think, the curiosity, or the inquisitiveness, that make an artist."

Born in 1933 in Grand Forks, North Dakota, Rosenquist was the only child of Louis and Ruth Rosenquist, amateur pilots in the heyday of Lindbergh who had grounded themselves by the time their son was born. The Depression kept them moving. While his father worked as an airline mechanic, James attended seven schools by the time he was 12. Often alone, he developed an interest in cars, airplanes and drawing. He drew elaborate World War II battle scenes on the back of sheets of wallpaper supplied by his parents. In junior high, he won a scholarship for a class at the Minneapolis School of Art, but it wasn't until the end of his freshman year at the University of Minnesota, when he answered an ad that read "Wanted: Artist," that he really began to take art seriously.

The job was sign painting, and Rosenquist spent the summer roaming the Midwest with a team of hard-drinking men painting huge "Phillips 66" lettering on gas tanks and refinery equipment. The following summers, he painted billboards, turning buckets of paint into two-story gas station logos, Davy Crockett faces and other popular images of the

Author BRUCE WATSON is a frequent contributor to these pages. He wrote on artist George Catlin in the December 2002 issue.

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1950s. His art professor, Cameron Booth, urged the talented young man to go East. So in the fall of 1955, with a scholarship to the Art Students League and $400 in his pocket, the 22-year-old Rosenquist left for Manhattan. To support himself while in school, he began painting billboards again. Veteran sign painters called him Baby Jimmy, but there was nothing immature about his confidence; he talked his way into painting jobs usually reserved for more senior men and taught himself to enlarge images by superimposing them on a grid. "I thought that if I could learn that technique, I could paint anything," he said in an interview in a 1994 catalog of his work. "I could paint the Sistine Chapel. I couldn't paint it very well, but I could paint it."

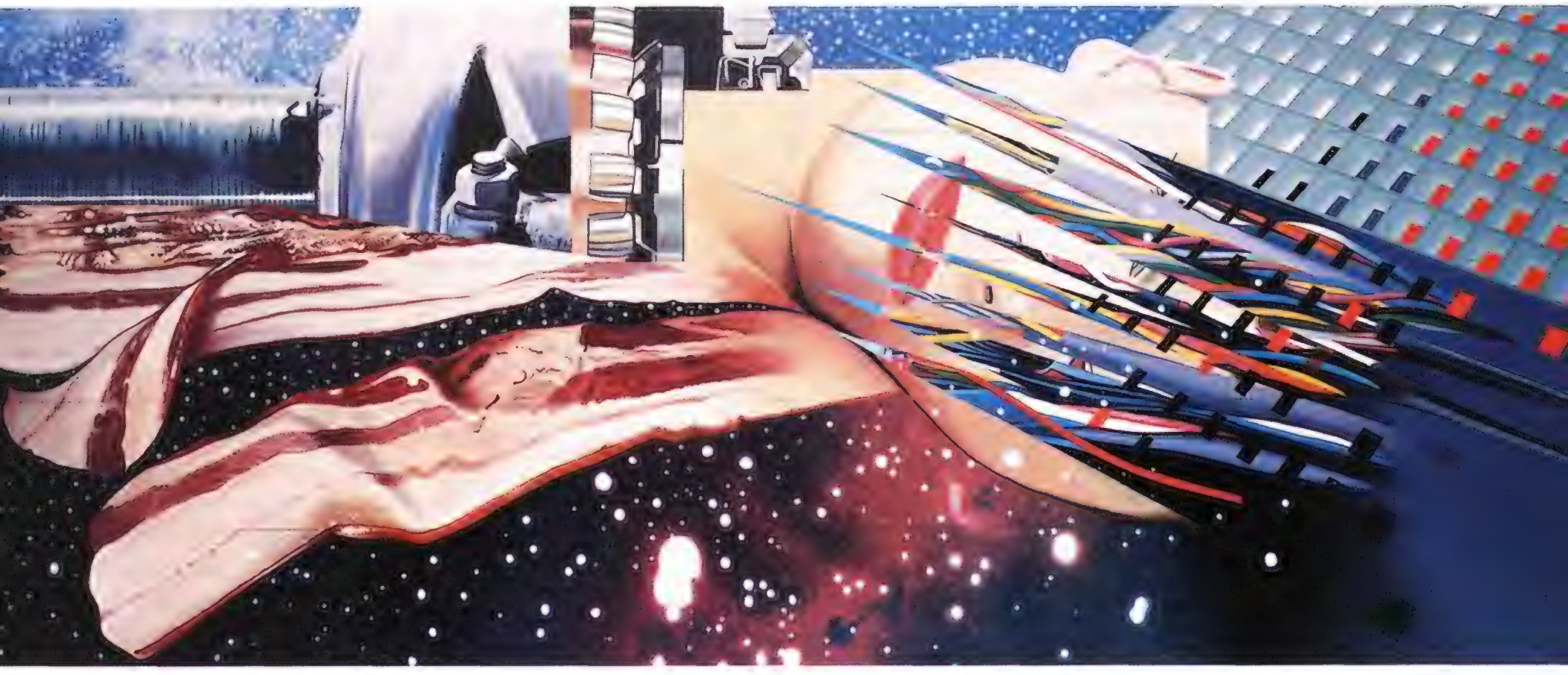
Over a period of several months, Rosenquist painted a Schenley whiskey bottle 147 times. "I got so tired of it, one day I painted 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' on the label," he told me when I visited him in his Florida studio. "You couldn't see it from the street." Another day he watched a fellow worker fall to his death. Later, he cheated death himself when a scaffold collapsed. In 1960, tired of "living dangerously and not doing what I wanted," he turned his back on billboards, married textile designer Mary Lou Adams, whom he had met at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and began painting full time in a studio on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Most of his works from this period were abstract, but inspired by the impastoed flags and targets of his friend Jasper Johns and his own billboard images, Rosenquist started to compose pictures of fragments, with images that appeared to overflow the canvas. He called his first such effort *President Elect*. The painting featured a piece of cake, a car fender and the face of the newly elected U.S. president, John F. Kennedy. He traced his affinity for incongruous juxtapositions to his youth. "When I was a boy," Rosenquist told Hopps, "I went to a museum with my mother. There were on the same wall a painting, a shrunken head, and a live flower. It was almost like what they would have in an Oriental tea ceremony. Three different things. . . ."

By the late 1950s, other artists had also begun painting artifacts of popular culture. The movement had begun in Britain, but in the United States Andy Warhol was soon painting soup cans, Roy Lichtenstein was enlarging comic-strip images, dots and all, and Rosenquist was bringing his billboards down to size. By the fall of 1962, Pop was all the rage. "Pop is about liking things," Warhol deadpanned, though most critics did not like it. *Time* called it the "cult of the commonplace," and Rosenquist was dismissed as a mere "billboard painter." *The Nation*'s critic Max Kozloff asked: "Are we supposed to regard our popular sign board culture with greater fondness or insight now that we have Rosenquist? Or is he exhorting us to revile it—that is, to do what has come naturally to every sensitive person in this country for years?" In 1964, when Pop dominated the influential Venice Biennale art fair, the Vatican condemned its "grotesque relics," and Italy's president refused to hand out the top prize to Pop precursor Robert Rauschenberg.

But the public, perhaps tired of puzzling meaning out of abstractions, seemed to get it. "Bing . . . Bang . . . Pop Art," an article in *Glamour* declared. "It will boom on. Expect Warhol, Rosenquist and Lichtenstein to become household words like Liz and Dick and Mr. Clean." Yet while Warhol and Lichtenstein rode the Pop wave, Rosenquist began trying other things. "I don't know what Pop art is, to tell you the truth," he would say years later. "I never liked the

"The essence of collage," Rosenquist (above in his New York studio in 1964) has said, is to take "disparate imagery and put it together and the result becomes an idea, not so much a picture." His 86-foot-long *F-111* (1964-65) was viewed as an anti-Vietnam War painting.

COURTESY OF JAMES ROSENQUIST



Rosenquist has called his 1980 *Star Thief*, at one time slated to hang in the Miami airport, "a political diary of an election year."

label because it sounds like something that comes and goes quickly. Instant gratification."

In the summer of 1964, Rosenquist returned from Europe, where he'd had several shows, feeling somewhat alienated from his homeland. (JFK had been assassinated six months before.) At an amusement park near his parents' home in Dallas, an old B-36 bomber had been installed for children to climb on; it stuck in his mind. Later that year, he read about a new fighter plane being developed for the escalating Vietnam War, got drawings for it and began sketching. He spent eight months on the painting, which he named after the new aircraft—*F-111*. The work, 10 feet high and 86 feet long, filled 51 panels and wrapped around the front room of the Leo Castelli Gallery on Manhattan's Upper East Side.

From tip to tail, *F-111* depicts a fighter plane streaking across what Rosenquist called "a contemporary modern-day flak of household things." Panels show a huge radial tire, a mushroom cloud, spaghetti, and a little girl beneath a hair dryer. Rosenquist explained in Hughes' *American Visions*: "I thought of this new war device that's a defense economy item, supporting aircraft workers, each with two-and-a-half statistical children in Texas or New England or wherever. And I thought that being an artist was insignificant."

F-111 was an immediate sensation. It was hailed as "the apotheosis of Pop," and its purchase, in 1965, for $60,000, made the *New York Times*. While the painting toured Europe, Rosenquist cemented his reputation as an eccentric—and made sport of the flimsiness of trends—by wearing a suit he tailored out of paper to parties and art shows. By then, Pop was spreading ever deeper into American culture, but Rosenquist, now in his mid-30s, moved on, experimenting with sculpture and incorporating such materials as barbed wire, Plexiglas and sheets of Mylar into his works.

Then everything changed. On February 12, 1971, Rosenquist, his wife and their 7-year-old son, John, were vacationing in Florida when their car was hit broadside by another car on a rainy night. Rosenquist suffered a perforated lung and three broken ribs. His wife and son were each left in a coma. "Life was instantaneously terrible," he recalled. While his wife and child remained unconscious—his son for five weeks, his wife for four months—Rosenquist faced mounting hospital bills. Sixty thousand dollars in debt, he spent the 1970s digging out of depression, and after his family recovered, divorce.

As an opponent of the Vietnam War, Rosenquist was arrested during an anti-war protest in 1972 and lost commissions when he criticized the politics of potential patrons. With Pop now passé, critics circled like vultures around his reputation. Influential *New York Times* critic John Canaday likened Rosenquist's 1972 retrospective at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art to a wake, and his work, to a corpse. Seeking respite from the New York art scene, Rosenquist moved in 1973 to East Tampa, Florida, where he created a studio out of two abandoned dime stores. There he worked ferociously on paintings, prints and sculptures, many of which convey a sense of foreboding. One canvas, *Slipping Off the Continental Divide*, featured a stairway, a handful of nails and an open book turned facedown. Other works, constructed out of wires, wrecked auto parts and techno-paraphernalia, suggest a man struggling to preserve his humanity in an increasingly mechanized world.

During the 1980s, Rosenquist's work was back in vogue and his paintings began to sell, he says, "like popcorn." In 1981, Florida's Dade County Art in Public Places Committee selected Rosenquist's *Star Thief* (above) to hang in the Eastern Airlines terminal at Miami's airport. The 46-foot-long painting included a woman's fragmented face and floating bacon superimposed on a starry background. "*Star Thief*," Rosenquist says, is "about the idea of astronauts trying to keep their

sanity by bringing things from Earth with them into space, little mementos of home." Eastern Airlines chairman Frank Borman, who, as an astronaut in 1968 had circled the moon on *Apollo VIII*, was vehemently opposed to the selection and even tried to have the Art in Public Places program abolished. "Although I am admittedly unschooled in modern art," he said at the time, "I have had some exposure to space flight and I can tell you without equivocation there is not any correlation between the artist's depiction and the real thing." After three years of debate, Dade County officials announced they would not be going ahead with the $285,000 purchase. Shrugging off the decision, Rosenquist returned to his canvases.

The past two decades have seen no diminution in his vivid and enigmatic imagery. His 1988 *Through the Eye of the Needle to the Anvil* juxtaposed a needle, a flower, a human brain scan and a pair of high heels, and his three-part, room-size *The Swimmer in the Econo-mist*, done in 1997 for the Deutsche Guggenheim Berlin, contrasts figures from Picasso's 1937 anti-Fascist painting *Guernica* with glittering industrial images and brightly colored logos from consumer goods. Contemporary critics do their best to decipher these montages, reading Rosenquist's work as overlapping billboards, Freudian symbols from his childhood, or Surrealism à la Belgian artist René Magritte. In the exhibition catalog Rosenquist offers his own interpretation: "In collage there is a glint . . . or reflection of modern life. For example, if you take a walk through midtown Manhattan and you see the back of a girl's legs and then you see out of the corner of your eye a taxi comes close to hitting you. So—the legs, the car—you see parts of things and you rationalize and identify danger by bits and pieces. It's very quick. It's about contemporary life."

Other clues lie in his current Florida home and studio, 45 miles north of Tampa. (He also maintains a studio in New York City, and a home in Bedford, New York, with his second wife, Mimi Thompson, and their 14-year-old daughter, Lily.) Most artists' studios are cluttered, but Rosenquist's is disheveled on a grand scale. Scattered throughout the two airplane-hangar-size buildings are junked cars, an old fishing boat and—order out of chaos—several of his stunning, fluorescent canvases. When Rosenquist, dressed in old jeans, paint-spattered shoes and a black T-shirt, begins to explain them, his conversation is spiced with memories of the Depression and World War II. And just when he begins to sound like an aging North Dakota farmer, he jumps to something he read about Russia, ancient Greece or Eastern philosophy. Stories about New York in the 1960s are interwoven with theories about art and tales from his travels. And while he speaks with a friendly, Midwestern accent, he's also a dead-on mimic. Discussing his goals as an artist, he stops and raises one finger. "I want to be clear on this," he says. "All the art students in the 1950s liked Abstract Expressionism. It was very vigorous, and I liked it too, but I never wanted to look like I was copying someone else. I wanted to do something *new*."

At the start of his 70s, Rosenquist remains, as one *Artforum* critic noted, the painter of "the clutter that adds up to the emptiness of American space." He is planning a 50-foot-square mural for a San Francisco hotel and wondering where his next painting will take him. "Recently I was saying to Jasper Johns that I was having trouble with a certain painting," he notes. "And Johns said, 'It doesn't get any easier, does it?' That's because Johns is very true to himself, and like me, very anxious not to repeat what's already been done."

As for Pop art, the frenetic hodgepodges that once looked so daring and outrageous now seem as modern and commonplace as a remote-control surf through the dizzying images of cable television. A cereal box label. Click. A young girl's face. Click. A razor blade. Click. A lipsticked mouth. More than most modern artists, Rosenquist recognized that popular culture is not a freeze frame but images zapping by in rapid-fire succession. His own amazing array of them seems driven by his determination to be, above all, an American original. "I always wanted to make something different," he says. "All the paintings I'd seen looked like they were viewed through a window frame. I wanted to do something that spilled out of the painting onto the floor, something that stuck out in your face." ○

"I never wanted to look like I was copying someone else," says Rosenquist (with one of his recent abstractions, *Joystick*). "I wanted to make something *new*."

TODD EBERLE

VIEQUES ON THE VERGE

The Navy is gone; the bombing has stopped. What happens to Puerto Rico's Vieques now?

By Shane DuBow

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT S. WARREN

IT HAD ALL LOOKED SO SIMPLE from the plane—the Puerto Rican island of Vieques stretching out below like some outsize plantain, all lush green on the west end where the U.S. Navy stored bombs until 2001, all crater-pocked and yellowed on the east end where, until February 2003, it practiced exploding them. And in between, the speckled clusters of two small beach towns—Isabel Segunda and Esperanza—linked by a few lonely roads, one of which, I am pretty sure, my fiancée, Sunny Neater, and I are now driving on.

But where's that turnoff for the archaeological site where they found the 4,000-year-old man? Or that wayside boulder with the graffiti that, in Spanish, reads: "The abuse of the Empire has a limit and that is the patience of the people"? Already we've spiraled past enough swaths of coconut palm, mesquite and mangrove

Vieques lies beyond shipping lanes and air traffic, making it once an ideal bombing range (above, 1997)—and now an island idyll.

to know that on the whole of this 21-mile-long, 6-mile-wide island, we won't find a single stoplight, fast-food franchise, or structure more than three stories tall to use as a landmark. Also, by now we've glimpsed enough sugar-sand beaches and aquamarine views to know that if we're not careful, we may soon feel gripped by a certain sense of possibility that so many travelers here have felt, a sense that this might be the sort of place where we could at last settle in, buy some property and feel like our lives have turned lucky.

So it's OK, in a way, to admit we're lost, because it gives us a chance to pull over, check our map and reground ourselves in what we know. To the east lies a training base named Camp García, which includes the bombing range the Navy has now abandoned after more than 60 years of occupation. To the north lie the outbuildings of the island's first big resort—the Wyndham Martineau Bay Resort and Spa—now open after four years of delays. And all around, in bodegas and cantinas, villas and casitas, hammocks and beach chairs and benches in the shade, we've heard people call Vieques a place on the verge. But on the verge of what? The only consensus we've found, after many days of driving around, is that each person's views on Vieques' future seem to depend on where that person sits.

"We're all here because we're not all there," says Al Gordon (above) owner of the bar Mar Azul in Isabel Segunda and one of many Statesiders who have migrated to Vieques.

FROM A COUPLE of bar stools at Al's Mar Azul, a favored north coast dive in Isabel Segunda, we watch people watch the ocean. Our plan tonight is to make like the locals, which is to say, make like these rum sours are blessed cure-alls and these much-loved jukebox tunes are hit-parade new.

Around 11 p.m., a handful of regulars tumble in. They are a tolerant and fun-loving bunch of seasonal service workers, expatriate cooks and guesthouse caretakers who get off their jobs and then rotate to a different bar or restaurant—for a different food, drink or music special—each night of the week. A surfer chef from Boston wants to know the whereabouts of the dreadlocked fire-juggler who won't be performing tonight because she spilled too much kerosene on herself while suiting up. Two off-duty waitresses, both in their 20s and both from the States, announce that they've arrived to promote an upcoming Mardi Gras theme night at a local café; they pass out beads and threaten to bare their breasts.

Which is about when Al Gordon, a sawed-off former hotel security manager from Rhode Island who bought this place seven years ago, mutters a much-loved line—"We're all here because we're not all there"—and hauls out a recent article from the *San Juan Star*. The article, titled "The Vieques Dichotomy," touches on most of the hot issues that have haunted this would-be nirvana since two errant bombs killed a civilian security guard named David Sanes Rodríguez here in 1999. It tells of the massive protests that ensued and the barrage of anti-Navy publicity that came next. It labels Vieques "a poor municipality riddled by years of government deficits, widespread poverty, high unemployment and an increasing drug problem." It also talks, of course, of the Navy's departure and the big resort's opening, and of the hope that together these events will spur new tourism and development without destroying the sleepy frontier life that so many people "came here looking for in the first place." Mostly though, the article talks of all these things in the context of race and the "socio-economic" and "socio-cultural" segregation that, the writer says, divide the populace in "almost every aspect of daily life."

This is where Gordon, 52, slaps down the paper. "Do you believe this?" he says. "Do you? Look around. What do you see? How many Puerto Ricans do you see in here?" From his bar stool he scans the room and raises a stubby finger to count. "One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Five Puerto Ricans," he says. "Now how many gringos? Maybe eight? Ten? Whatever, does that look like segregation to you? Does it?" He goes on to attack the article's accompanying photograph, which shows an elegant beach home next to a tiny shuttered shack. The picture's point, it seems, is to highlight the disparity between the quarters of an expat gringo—a term that's not always pejorative down here—and a native Viequense. But the beach home, Gordon contends, is actually owned by "some rich Puerto Rican lawyer from San Juan," and the photograph has been edited so the shack appears adjacent to the beach house, though it actually sits three blocks inland. "These people," he says. "It's just amazing what they'll stoop to to make us look bad."

PERHAPS, allows *Vieques Times* publisher Charlie Connelly when I ask him about the picture two days later, the *San Juan Star* photo editor was playing it "a little fast and loose." But then Connelly points out that most of the island's dozen or so guesthouses, cafés, boutiques and bars are indeed owned by the gringo minority. "So isn't that picture," he says, "the small lie that shows the larger truth?"

We are lounging in Connelly's open den, on the south coast of the island, in the tiny fishing village of Esperanza—

Chicago-based SHANE DUBOW also writes for Harper's, National Geographic *and the* New York Times *magazine. Photographer SCOTT S. WARREN shot the May 2003 article on St. Petersburg.*

Until 2001, the Navy owned and made use of two-thirds of the 21-mile-long island of Vieques. Much of that territory has since been designated as wildlife refuges (below, pleasure boats dawdle off the former bombing range at Vieques' eastern tip).

the Spanish word for hope. The walls here are made of cinder blocks—good in hurricanes. Connelly, gaunt and gruff at 71, built the place 30 years ago. Inside, it is as if we've stepped into some long lost Humphrey Bogart film. Glamorous old black-and-white photographs of Connelly and his Puerto Rican wife, Myrna Pagan—she, pictured in an evening gown—hang on the walls. Pagan, 67, a former jazz club singer, serves margaritas and tells of her battles with uterine cancer. Connelly, a former marine from New England, sits at a table scattered with environmental studies and medical reports, chain-smokes American Spirits, and tells of a fatigue that has even made cracking ice for his Scotch whisky seem like a chore.

So what have these past four years of protests really been about? Puerto Rican self-rule? Economic independence? Anti-gringoism?

Connelly waggles his head and looks at Sunny and me with wonder and pity, as if he can't quite believe we've gotten this far in life being as ignorant as we obviously are.

"No, no, no," he says. "No. It's not about any of that. Haven't you been listening? All this is about—all this has *ever* been about—is our *health*." And then he goes on, as only a 50-plus-year Vieques resident can, to argue that the Navy has trashed that health by contaminating the island.

It all began, Connelly says, in the 1940s. U.S. control of the Caribbean was deemed vital. American troops needed a place to train. And Vieques, as part of America's Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, afforded the perfect solution, save that the island was then inhabited by an entrenched community of small-boat fishermen and sugar cane plantation workers. The answer? Expropriate the east and west ends. Pay off the largest landholders. Relocate any inconveniently settled families. And get on with the business of practicing war, which is pretty much how things went, Connelly insists, for the next half-century.

As time passed, a few gringos began to wash up and move in, many of them—Connelly slyly suggests—looking to drop out and start over, or to escape legal problems back in the States, or even to invite new problems by turning to the time-honored Caribbean practice of low-key smuggling. At the same time, over the ensuing decades, various groups of Viequenses would now and then gather to protest what is sometimes called the Navy's "colonial occupation," the 180 days each year when the bombs would rumble and dogs would bark and the 9,000 or so souls caught in the middle would feel their homes shake. But none of these protests ever gained much momentum or sparked much Stateside fuss until April 19, 1999, when two misaimed bombs, loosed by a jet fighter, killed the 35-year-old security guard, Sanes, at an observation post overlooking the bombing range.

Demonstrations followed. Celebrities and politicians—Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Al Sharpton among them—joined the cause. In February 2000, as many as 150,000 people marched in the streets of San Juan. Hundreds more, including Connelly's 35-year-old son, Pablo, occupied a dozen human-shield shantytowns—one of them complete with a church and a school—out on the range, atop a landscape littered with bombed tanks, unexploded ordnance and what looked to be more craters per square mile than there are on the surface of the moon. It did not take long for scientists to conduct some studies, unearth some military papers and start to weigh in.

"And do you know what they found?" Connelly rasps, pushing over a stack of supporting documents. "Heavy metals and cancer, man. Heavy metals in the people. Heavy metals in the crabs and fish. Heavy metals all over the damn place."

Top: Charlie Connelly (with his wife, Myrna Pagan, on the beach below Esperanza's *malecón*, or promenade, above) publishes a newspaper on various issues facing Vieques.

And yet, despite the studies and stats, and the chronicles of contamination, the Navy has continued to deny that it has been anything but an excellent environmental steward in Vieques. (See "Did the U.S. Navy Pollute Paradise?" page 82.)

"So really," Connelly goes on, "the health issue is *the* issue now. Later, sure, we can worry about all these carpetbaggers and scallywags, these vultures and yuppie squares that want to bring in the new casinos and the polo and the golf. But that's all secondary now, and until we can get the Navy to clean this place up, we'll just have to keep an eye on Martineau Bay, see how it goes over there, because as far as future developments, that will set the stage."

BY THE TIME the Martineau Bay gatekeepers are ready to show Sunny and me around, we've been happily circumnavigating the island for days. We have gone searching, unsuc-

The *publico* driver worries that the opening of the big resort signals "the beginning of the end of the Vieques we know."

cessfully, for calving manatees and nesting sea turtles on the coasts. We've been approached—on the beach after snorkeling and on the *malecón,* or promenade, after a fried snapper lunch—by young men on horseback who seem to think Vieques' future lies in trying to hawk tourists a little cocaine. We've been jeered by other young men for taking too many pictures outside the Saturday afternoon cockfights at the center of Isabel Segunda. We've bought fine serrano ham and meaty green olives in Esperanza at the new gourmet food shop whose opening, nearly everyone agrees, says a lot about the island's accelerating gentrification. We've gone to visit the shantytowns erected in protest (and abandoned when the lands were transferred to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service May 1). And talked with Sandra Sanes Rodríguez, the still-grieving sister of David Sanes. We've driven around with Rosa Navedo, a Puerto Rican researcher working with the Mississippi law firm of John Arthur Eaves that, on behalf of several thousand sick Viequenses, has filed a claim against the Navy. We've noted the most prevalent island bumper stickers—*Paz Para Vieques* (Peace For Vieques) and *Ni Una Bomba Más* (Not One More Bomb)—and the most common road signs, the clear leaders here being those of the island's suddenly swamped Realtors scrambling to keep up.

Protesters (like Al Sharpton, top right, arrested in 2001) fought the Navy's presence. Now they fight the threat of overdevelopment (above, the new Martineau Bay Resort).

One breezy night we trundled along the island's southeastern side to Mosquito Bay, site of some of the world's brightest bioluminescent displays. In a glass-bottomed boat, with the dark lines of distant mangroves ringing the shore, we watched the illuminated whorls and streaks of heavy tarpon and lazy stingrays, every wriggle of their fins sending millions of single-celled algae called dinoflagellates (think tiny aquatic fireflies) into luminescent fits. The biologist leading our tour, Sharon Grasso, explained the relevant chemistry—oxygen combines with a substance in the cell called luciferin to produce a pure, cold light; it looks like mute, underwater fireworks. Later, when we swam, the glowing churned around us, and a stray jellyfish stung our legs, and so, back onboard, Grasso doused us with soothing vinegar. We went quiet and drifted. The fish stopped darting. Grasso stomped the boat's bottom, and the mute fireworks recommenced.

Another night: maybe there's something in the air or maybe our traveler's antenna has simply tuned in more of the gossip, but out on the bar circuit, we heard more than a few locals draw more than a few parallels between the new resort and the Navy. Both, it seems, found reason to secure their perimeters with high fencing. Both posted guards at their gates to regulate public access. And both enlisted media minders to handle the queries of folks like us.

MARTINEAU BAY'S landscaped grounds, all well-placed palms and bright marigolds, are plenty lovely. The buildings, an assortment of nouveau colonial villas and vaulted meeting rooms, snuggle low and yellow along the coast. Developer Roberto Cacho, a young-looking 40-something Puerto Rican in beachwear, appears relaxed as he settles us and a few other visitors on a breezy patio for a celebratory white wine toast. "This," he tells us, beaming, "has been my biggest dream. To give this to this island. After all of our troubles, the planets have finally aligned, and with the Navy pulling out, it just looks like we've gotten lucky with our timing." Cacho says the 156-room resort has added 220 jobs to Vieques, including ten managerial jobs—all filled by Viequenses.

He does not mention, however, any of the surprisingly shrill local critics who like to suggest, as one *publico* (taxi) driver did, that the opening of such a big resort on such a small island will likely signal "the beginning of the end of the Vieques we know." Several days later, though, that vision of Vieques—a Vieques that includes ten rare and endangered plants and animals on the largest expanse of semiprotected habitat in the entire Caribbean—seems a lot less likely than the vision of an upwardly mobile Vieques embodied by a newly hired bartender at the resort's swim-up bar. Like a lot of other native Viequenses, he knows the troubles of finding work. In between pulling drinks, he studies a tome called the

Complete World Bartender Guide and says, "I hope this will be a fine job. And my family hopes this too. The pay, you know, it is very good."

IT'S A FUZZY GRAY DAY, the horizon line blurring with approaching weather, and back on the island's pinched roads, the turnoff for the 4,000-year-old man finally reveals itself. Roberto Rabin, an archaeologist and the director of the local Fort Count Mirasol Museum, leads the way up a rutted track to a scruffy clearing that features a few giant boulders and a smattering of trees. "You've heard of Stonehenge, right?" Rabin jokes. He points to a shady spot where the bones of the 4,000-year-old man once lay under the topsoil, until their excavation in 1990 by two scientists from the Center for Archaeological Research at the University of Puerto Rico.

The man, who died at age 35 or 40 from a blow to the jaw,

Did the U.S. Navy Pollute Paradise?

Several recent studies have reported high levels of toxins in the Vieques environment and health problems among the local population. Epidemiologist Carmen Ortiz-Roque at the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Puerto Rico examined hair samples from 203 Vieques residents to determine whether they had been exposed to mercury, aluminum, cadmium, lead and arsenic—all ingredients in high explosives. All of the chemicals except arsenic were found to be elevated in a significant number of the men, women and children tested. Ortiz-Roque discovered, for example, that levels of mercury (known to cause birth defects and nerve damage) were higher than is considered safe by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) among 33 percent of those tested and that aluminum (a carcinogen) exceeded safe levels in 56 percent. Ortiz-Roque also reported Vieques' cancer mortality rate to be 30 percent higher than in the rest of Puerto Rico; factors such as lack of medical care may account in part for the higher rate. (In a survey comparing the health of Viequenses and other Puerto Ricans, researchers at the University of Puerto Rico ruled out alcohol and tobacco as reasons for the increase.)

Researchers have detected explosives-related chemicals in the soil, water, plants and animals on Vieques (above, a discarded fuel tank). The Navy says there's no link between the practice bombing and residents' health problems.

Research by the Navy's Explosives Chemistry Branch detailed the presence—though at low levels—of an explosives residue called RDX, a known carcinogen, in water and soil samples taken from both inside and outside the bombing range. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS) found cadmium and lead levels considered dangerous to crustaceans and their predators in crabs captured near Navy solid waste disposal sites on the island's west end. Biologist Arturo Massol-Deyá of the University of Puerto Rico recorded levels of lead in the island's pasture grass, used for grazing cattle, that exceeded safety guidelines set by the Food and Drug Administration. Over the years, the EPA has cited the Navy for 102 violations of water quality standards on Vieques, identifying excessive concentrations of such chemicals as cyanide and cadmium in the coastal waters near the bombing range.

The Navy disputes any link between its presence and health problems on the island: ". . . no study advances evidence that Navy activities pose a risk to human health on Vieques," said then Secretary of the Navy Richard Danzig in an October 1999 statement. A summary of the Navy's environmental and economic efforts on the island, which was issued at the same time, reported that explosives-related pollutants cannot make their way to civilian areas eight miles west of the bombing range; that the toxins found on the island were naturally occurring; and that there is no cause and effect between the island's high rate of cancer deaths and the Navy's activities.

It will no doubt take years and many experts to tease out all the facts. But a 1999 Defense Department report cited the Navy's "insensitivity," along with its "less than satisfactory" performance in "environmental and health domains" on Vieques. And although the Navy turned 15,500 acres of bombing range lands over to the USFWS as a wildlife refuge on May 1, 2003, many areas will be closed to the public until unexploded ordnance and other waste can be cleaned up. The 900-acre Live Impact Area at the island's eastern tip (in which clean up has yet to begin) has been designated a wilderness area and is closed to the public.

Nature thrives on Vieques—an unintended legacy of the Navy's long occupation. The hawksbill turtle (above, left) is among ten species of endangered animals and plants that inhabit the island. Luminescent sea algae (above, right) abound in Mosquito Bay.

was a hunter-gatherer, says Yvonne Narganes, one of the archaeologists who uncovered the skeleton. His bones, she says, are the oldest human remains found in more than 25 years of field study on Vieques and the first significant evidence of a preagricultural society on the island. They reveal that people arrived here from South America 1,000 years earlier than previously thought. (Narganes and others have also found on Vieques the remains of a 2,000-year-old culture that made delicate semiprecious stone amulets of frogs and bats, unlike anything seen before in the Caribbean.) "And look," says Rabin, "the site is completely unprotected, not even a plaque. If the island grows overdeveloped now, it's spots like this that will be at risk."

I recall the words of a dark-haired local waitress who'd told us that the island was still defended by "strong spirits," particularly at this site—now known as the Hombre De Puerto Ferro site, named for a nearby barrio. She said the souls of the 4,000-year-old hombre and his compadres would forever rebuff the encroachments of vulgar commerce. She said that if I didn't bring an offering—"a cookie or a handful of sand or something"—the spirits would run me off, as they'd run her off before, with wild horses or swarming bees. But I am not that sort of spiritual man. And so I've come empty handed. And so, of course, it's not long before a bee stings me dead on the nose and the swelling blurs my vision until I'm forced to head back in search of ice—more uncertain than ever about the island's imminent future—to my posh hotel. ○

Getting There

Vieques is a paradox. The Navy's 60-year occupation has left the island largely undeveloped and free of the commercialism common to other parts of the Caribbean. But the pollution the military left behind may imperil paradise. Even so, apart from the likelihood of a nasty sunburn, a short-term tourist faces little health risk, say experts. And the lack of development means the visitor has naught to do but bike, hike, kayak, ride horses, and honor the island's painful past by enjoying its hard-won peace and charm. The average temperature is 79 degrees, and Americans do not need a passport to visit. Most major U.S. cities offer flights to San Juan, Puerto Rico; from there, Vieques is a ten-minute hop via Air Culebra (four flights daily).

INSIDE TIP: Visit Green Beach, on the island's western tip, for views of the rain forest, good snorkeling and glimpses of herds of wild horses.

INFORMATION: Visit www.enchanted-isle.com and www.vieques-island.com for services and accommodations.

Gloria Swanson (above), in front of the Beverly Hills Hotel, "was so elegant," Pashkovsky said. "It was like she was playing a role even in real life." George Raft (above, right) often played gangsters. When he asked, "Are you ready to shoot?" Pashkovsky "had to think twice about what he meant." The photographer told Cary Grant (below, left) his tie was askew. "Take the picture," said Grant, "and we will start a new fashion trend together." Jimmy Durante (below, right) showed off his car on the Twentieth Century Fox lot.

Shooting Stars

Photographer Jack Pashkovsky disarmed
Hollywood's royalty with his ardor and persistence

BY BARRY AVRICH

JACK PASHKOVSKY lived quietly in a town lit up by a thousand stars. He practiced his art anonymously. By the time he was finished, he had compiled what must be the greatest collection of celebrity photographs never seen.

I first met Pashkovsky in the fall of 2000, when I was directing a documentary film (*Glitter Palace*) about the Motion Picture Country House in Woodland Hills, California. It's a retirement home for show business veterans, and for the film I interviewed many Hollywood old-timers living there, from a vaudeville centenarian to a famous western star. But it was Pashkovsky's story that I found the most compelling.

Yasha (Jack) Pashkovsky was born in 1911 in St. Petersburg, Russia. Sometime after the October Revolution of 1917, Yasha and his family joined the mass emigration of Jews escaping religious persecution in Russia. They somehow made their way to Cherbourg, France, Pashkovsky recalled, to catch a White Star Line ship to Amer-

Elly Pashkovsky (with her husband in 1943) had been a model. Pashkovsky, who took this photograph with a cable shutter release, asked his wife to pose for him as he experimented with lights and filters. They were married for 54 years, until her death in 1996.

ica and a new life. In New York City, Pashkovsky fell under the spell of movie house marquees that promised adventure and escape. He liked to slip into a Times Square movie palace to watch Mary Pickford in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* or to admire Douglas Fairbanks Sr.'s derring-do in *The Black Pirate*, *The Thief of Bagdad* and *The Mark of Zorro*.

At the age of 22, Pashkovsky went to Los Angeles, hoping to apprentice himself to a cinematographer. Instead, he got a job sweeping studios at Twentieth Century Fox. Pashkovsky was disappointed. "I thought all I had to do was show up and I would get a job," he told me. "But only cinematographers' sons were getting into the union."

In 1947, director Ernst Lubitsch hired Pashkovsky as a personal assistant on *That Lady in Ermine*, starring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Betty Grable. But Lubitsch died of a heart attack early in the production of the film, and Otto Preminger was brought in to finish it—without Pashkovsky's services. But Pashkovsky hung around the studio to soak up as much technical lore as he could. He used his meager savings to buy a 16-millimeter movie camera and began making small personal films about things that interested him. He spent most of 1948 making a film about train travel, *Rhythm of the Rails*, which he told me won an award at the Cannes Film Festival.

Sources differ on how Pashkovsky actually made his living. He worked as a photographer for the U.S. Air Force and apparently also set up shop as a portrait photographer in Los Angeles. One thing is clear: he loved photographing screen stars. He walked studio lots or visited Hollywood haunts such as the Brown Derby, Romanoff's or Ciro's restaurants in search of celebrities. He didn't miss many. Through the 1930s, '40s and '50s, the likes of Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck, Cary Grant, Gloria Swanson and Jimmy Stewart all posed for Pashkovsky. Some of the stars knew him from his studio days; others just trusted his diffident manner. His style

Pashkovsky photographed Ray Milland (left) making Paramount's 1939 *Beau Geste*, which also starred Gary Cooper. Of Clark Gable (below), Pashkovsky said: "He had the perfect profile. I waited hours to light him, and Gable gave me the time to make it perfect. It ended up being one of my favorite pictures."

BARRY AVRICH is working on a film about Hollywood mogul Lew Wasserman.

Marlene Dietrich was surrounded by fans outside Hollywood's Brown Derby restaurant when Pashkovsky came upon her. "I watched and she suddenly looked up, right in my direction. I took the picture and thanked her. She winked at me, and I was in heaven all day."

"You have to remember that I idolized [Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s] father and went to see every film he made when I was a kid," Pashkovsky recalled. "So now I was standing in front of Hollywood royalty. But I could never get the young lady to look at the camera."

was totally unpretentious, whether it was capturing Clark Gable at the Hollywood Tennis Club around 1940 or Marlene Dietrich at the Brown Derby.

AT THE Motion Picture Country House, the walls of Pashkovsky's small room were lined with his photographs. He proudly told me the story of each one—where he was on the day he took it and so forth—and smothered me with technical details. Then he told me he had never sold any of the prints or negatives; he took them all for himself, sharing them only with friends and, of course, his wife of 54 years, Elly, a former model. "I wasn't interested in selling them," he told me. "I just loved taking pictures."

It took me several trips to California before this quiet man pulled from under his bed a large box containing 400 negatives of his never-before-seen photographs. I was speechless; it was like uncovering a long lost artistic treasure. I immediately proposed that I write a book about his work.

I've shown some of the pictures to Mary Corliss, former assistant curator of the film stills archives at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. She particularly likes the way Pashkovsky caught stars at their ease. "They appeared fresher, more relaxed when they were away from the set, the portrait studio, the Hollywood première," she says. "The beautiful people looked like real people, and that's what makes his portraits illuminating. They have a startling immediacy."

Whenever I visited him, Pashkovsky would be watching a classic movie on his small television in his overheated room. The old movies seemed to transport him back in time. Of the current stars, he liked Dustin Hoffman, Robert De Niro, Robert Duvall, Al Pacino and Michelle Pfeiffer. And he predicted, long before *Legally Blonde* made her one, that Reese Witherspoon would become a big star.

Pashkovsky died in his sleep at the age of 89 in April 2001. And I'm still working on that book. ○

Shirley Temple (above, left) "had talent oozing from her skin," Pashkovsky said. Henry Fonda (above, right) promised that if Pashkovsky's photograph was no good, he could "do it again, same time, next day." Bob Hope (below, left) asked Pashkovsky "if I had any new jokes, as he had just fired his team of writers." Rita Hayworth (below, right) "looked perfectly lit, naturally, every time she turned, in every direction she looked," the photographer recalled. "It was as if she walked around with her own lighting director."

On an average day in the Port of New York and New Jersey, about 4,000 shipping containers—lined end to end, they would stretch 15 miles—are lifted off freighters and released into the arteries of American commerce. One recent morning, a U.S. Customs inspector named Michael Hegler, 47, cast a wary eye on just a fraction of that unending stream. Standing in the wheelhouse of an 850-foot Saudi Arabian ship docked at a Brooklyn terminal, taking in a view of the Statue of Liberty and a striking patch of Manhattan real estate once dominated by the World Trade Center towers, Hegler gazed down at the ship's deck, five stories below.

It was covered with rectangular steel containers, most of them 40 feet long and stamped "NSCSA," for the National Shipping Company of Saudi Arabia. Stacked four high and lashed to the deck with long metal rods, the containers had passed through a few exotic locales: Karachi, Pakistan; Dubai, United Arab Emirates; and Jidda, Saudi Arabia. Those ports are

Hailing from the Middle East, a Saudi Arabian ship at Brooklyn's Red Hook Terminal (above) came in for extra scrutiny this past October. But customs inspectors Vince Martin (left) and Jeff Chandler found no terrorist weapons.

POLICING AMERICA'S PORTS

The 19,000 cargo containers flowing into the United States each day pose a needle-in-the-haystack challenge to security officials worried about hidden terrorist weapons

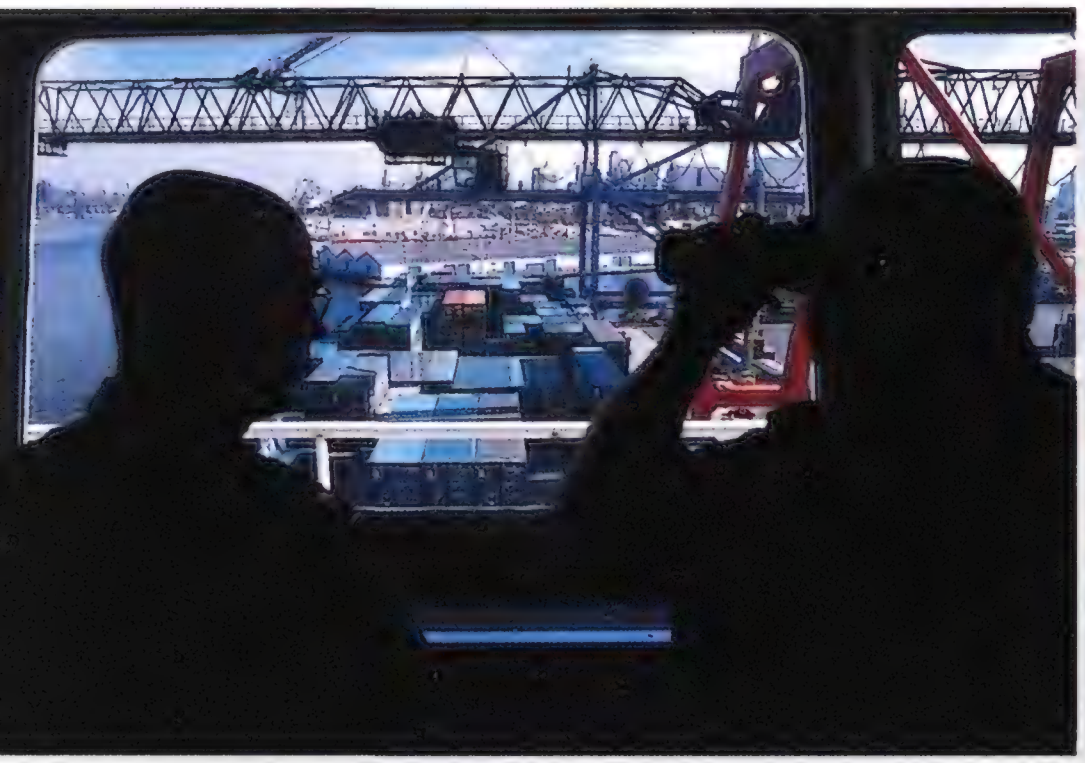
BY FEN MONTAIGNE *PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED KASHI*

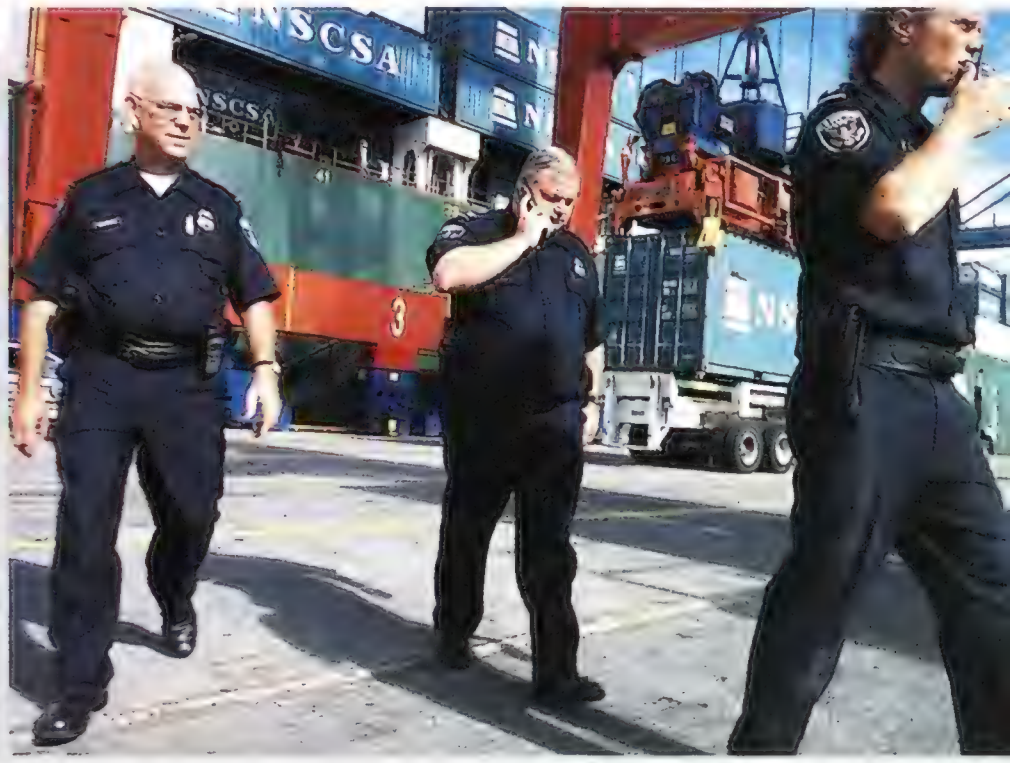
likely to attract the interest of American law enforcement nowadays, and Hegler was giving his full attention to the 148 containers being picked off the deck by a giant blue crane and deposited on the wharf. Normally, the men and women of U.S. Customs and Border Protection target for inspection only about 3 percent of the seven million containers that pour into the United States each year. But given the pedigree of these boxes, they would all be screened.

Tractor-trailers carried the containers 150 yards to a gamma-ray machine, a truck-mounted device that uses gamma rays instead of X-rays to penetrate an object and visualize its contents. The machine's arm reaches over a container's top. In the truck's cabin, one customs inspector glanced at an electronic manifest of the container's contents while another watched a computer screen showing the gamma-ray scans. To the uninitiated, the image looked like a dusky blur, but soon you could see the outlines of the goods—ceramic tiles, furniture, machinery, electronics, carpering. Hegler, who has a powerful build and curly blond hair that falls to his collar, snipped one of the seals with bolt cutters. Other inspectors swung the container doors open and slit a few boxes. They climbed over cardboard cartons to look into the container's farthest corners. But they discovered only household goods and cases of Italian wine.

By the end of the day, Hegler and his fellow customs inspectors had found no terrorists, no weapons, nothing that could remotely be linked to Al Qaeda. The same was true that day of their counterparts at the five other port terminals in New York City and northern New Jersey, and of the thousands of customs inspectors in Charleston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Oakland, Seattle and points in between. In fact, since September 11, 2001, the small army of inspectors at America's 361 seaports, having scanned or inspected tens of thousands of containers and pored over hundreds of thousands of manifests, have found not a shred of physical evidence that smacks of a terrorist plot.

"Many people here watched the 9/11 attack from their office windows," says chief customs inspector Kevin McCabe (below left, with binoculars, and below right, on a cellphone, at the Red Hook Terminal), "and you don't have to tell us what the mission is."





tons of clothing. Then, something caught the inspector's eye: inside a load of quilts from Pakistan was a long, tube-shaped metal object. Explosives? Uranium? Stinger missiles? An inspector had the container driven to a nearby warehouse for a closer look. There, inspectors unpacked the metal tubes and found . . . tractor parts. They were not listed on the manifest and thus imported illegally, but all the same they were only farm machinery.

Meanwhile, Hegler and co-workers had become suspicious of several containers still on the ship and bound for other U.S. ports. Most bore small, metal and plastic shipping seals that were affixed improperly or showed signs of tam-

Optimists might take heart, pointing out that despite seemingly impossible odds—analysts have compared finding a weapon of mass destruction among seven million containers to catching a minnow going over Niagara Falls—the customs bureau has erected sufficient barriers to deter Al Qaeda. But pessimists have reason to fret. Customs inspectors may have simply missed a smuggled bomb or batch of missiles. If so, it's not for lack of motivation. "Many people here watched the 9/11 attack from their office windows, and you don't have to tell us twice what the mission is," said Kevin McCabe, chief inspector for U.S. Customs and Border Protection at the Port of New York City and New Jersey. "It's very clear."

The problem is that McCabe and his co-workers are at the receiving end of a giant global conveyor belt that carries steel boxes whose contents are declared by the shipper but

FEN MONTAIGNE, a former Philadelphia Inquirer *foreign correspondent, is the author of* Reeling in Russia. *ED KASHI's photographs appear in the just-published* Aging in America.

are rarely verified along the way. "The system is absolutely wide open, and anybody with 3,000 bucks in Asia and a little less in Europe can get a box delivered to their lot or home and they can load it to the gills with whatever they want, close it with a 50-cent lead seal, and it's off to the races," says Stephen E. Flynn, a 43-year-old retired Coast Guard commander and an expert on seaport security. "As I look at the cargo transport system today, when I wake up each morning and see that we haven't had an attack, I just declare ourselves lucky. The secretary of the treasury, the secretary of defense, the secretary of commerce, the secretary of state and the president of the United States should be tossing and turning at night knowing that this system has so little security."

The challenge of safeguarding ports and monitoring the contents of all those 20- and 40-foot boxes is daunting enough. But it also poses a quandary, pitting our need for security against the ideal of an open society and free trade. The container network is the circulatory system of the new global economy, carrying 90 percent of international commerce. Some 11 million containers are shuttled around the world, bringing $500 billion worth of goods in and out of the United States from 178,000 foreign businesses.

This system, however, was designed for speed and efficiency, not security. Following the September 11, 2001, attacks, U.S. Customs and Border Protection—now part of the Department of Homeland Security—tightened its screening of incoming containers, overhauling computer programs to target high-risk shipments and using new X-ray and gamma-ray machines to inspect them. But according to Flynn and other security experts, the government has not done nearly enough to monitor what's being stuffed into the containers overseas. (The Department of Homeland Security did not respond to requests for comment.)

The reason for the experts' concern is that shipping containers could readily transport chemical or biological weapons, explosives, missiles or components for nuclear weapons. Broken into small batches, such weapons could be hidden among shipments of machinery, foodstuffs or thousands of other commodities that arrive each day at American ports. Even if a container is pulled out of the trade stream and targeted for inspection by gamma-ray machines and radiation detectors, it's possible that customs inspectors won't spot a weapon. Twice in the past two years, ABC News has succeeded in smuggling a 15-pound lump of depleted uranium—supplied by the National Resources Defense Council, an environmental group—into U.S. ports. In both instances, inspectors ran the containers through gamma-ray and radiation screeners, but failed to detect the material. Customs officials deny the implication that the inspections system failed; they say depleted uranium is not considered dangerous and they would have spotted the sort of enriched uranium used in nuclear weapons because it emits detectable levels of radiation. But some nuclear scientists disagree, saying that, given the detection devices in use today and the radiation shielding that terrorists might employ, weapons-grade radioactive material would have been even harder to spot than the depleted uranium.

The Red Hook Terminal's truck-mounted gamma-ray scanner (left) can noninvasively probe 25 to 30 containers an hour. Critics such as Stephen Flynn (in Washington, D.C., in 2001) say seaport security efforts are not sufficient to prevent terrorist attacks.

Security experts are concerned not only about the detonation of a weapon of mass destruction in a city but also about an attack on a major port. Such an assault would almost certainly force the government to shut down the nation's container system for a significant period of time, crippling major sectors of the economy. "What I'm almost certain of, from talking with people at senior levels of government, is that if we have a major event involving one of our ports and a container, we will stand down the system," says Flynn, a senior fellow for national security studies at the Council on Foreign Relations and the principal adviser to the

Congressional Port Security Caucus. "We will shut it off until we sort it out. Now, how is the president, when he stands in front of the American people after a very visible and deadly act, going to reassure them that these other containers can roll across our borders and into our ports without worrying about them?"

SPRAWLING OVER NEARLY 25 SQUARE MILES, the adjoining ports of Los Angeles and Long Beach are the busiest in the United States, together handling 43 percent of the cargo containers entering the country. Crossing the Vincent Thomas Bridge onto the Los Angeles side of Terminal Island, an awesome sight unfolds: scores of towering container cranes frame the skyline, dozens of huge freighters lie at anchor in the harbor or sit at berth, thousands of containers are stacked in enormous asphalt lots, and hundreds of trucks rumble in every direction. If this bustling scene evokes America's industrial heyday, that impression is somewhat misleading: the place is flourishing precisely because America has ceased producing many goods. If everything you buy these days seems to be manufactured in China, the Philippines, Turkey or Taiwan, you can thank the global container system for bringing it to you.

"The average person has no idea about container shipping and how it affects them," says Christopher Koch, president and CEO of the Washington, D.C.-based World Shipping Council, whose members transport 93 percent of the containers coming to America. "It's like asking a kid where electricity comes from, and as far as he's concerned it comes from turning on a switch. The Nikes on their feet, the shirts in their closet, the spices in their kitchen, the Heineken beer in their refrigerator and the DVD player in their den—all that stuff gets to them because of containers."

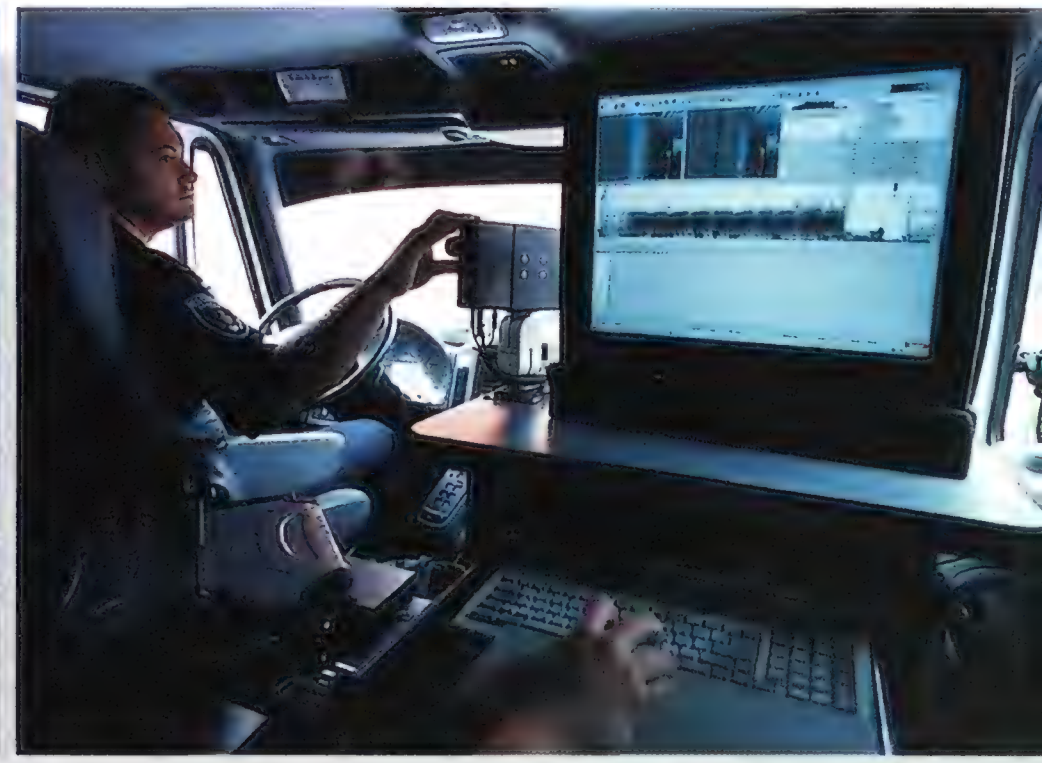
The container cargo system, which began expanding rapidly in the 1960s, has revolutionized world trade, making it possible to load a 40-foot box at a factory in inland China, drive it to Hong Kong, lift the container onto a ship, transport it to Los Angeles, offload it quickly—a box a minute in some cases—and place it on a truck bound for, say, a Wal-Mart in New Mexico. "It has basically made geography increasingly irrelevant as a factor in production and trade," Flynn said.

The number of incoming containers handled by the ports of Los Angeles and Long Beach jumped some 13 percent from 2001 to 2002, to 2.8 million, and is expected to double over the next decade. Port officials estimate that 40 percent of American trade in some way depends on containers that flow through the Los Angeles-Long Beach complex. How vital the seaports are was felt in 2002, when a labor dispute led to a ten-day lockout of West Coast longshoremen, costing the U.S. economy $1 billion a day.

Before 9/11, customs inspectors devoted their energies to searching for narcotics, commercial contraband and smuggled immigrants. They waded through mountains of paper manifests filled with amorphous terms such as "freight of all kinds" and "said to contain." Port security was lax, with people able to wander at will in many areas. Capt. John M. Holmes, who recently retired as commanding officer of the Coast Guard at the Los Angeles-Long Beach port complex and is credited with improving security in the harbor, says that airport security, poor as it was before 9/11, was "like Fort Knox compared with our ports."

Officials have scrambled to plug the holes in the container cargo system, instituting measures that have won qualified praise from security experts and the General Accounting Office. U.S. Customs now requires all shippers to declare their containers' contents 24 hours before they're loaded onto a freighter bound for a U.S. port. In addition, the bu-

The nation's busiest port complex, the ports of Los Angeles (left, foreground) and Long Beach (background) receive some 15 cargo ships daily. Officials say security has improved since 9/11. Below, right: Inspectors view a container's gamma-ray scan.



reau has refined an automated computer system—originally designed to detect narcotics and other contraband—to help identify suspect shipments. Among the many characteristics that the system is supposed to identify are unknown importers, manufacturers or shippers that have never delivered to America before and small shipments from high-risk countries. For example, a load of goods forwarded by a first-time shipper in Pakistan to a new destination in the United States would be almost certain to get the once-over from customs inspectors who work for Vera Adams, the Customs and Border Protection director at the Los Angeles and Long Beach port complex. "The goal is to examine 100 percent of the high-risk stuff," she says. Customs inspectors in the port complex now perform four times as many physical inspections as before 9/11. Shipping-industry executives say the added examinations have not slowed container commerce.

As part of its Container Security Initiative, launched in January 2002, U.S. Customs and Border Protection has stationed inspectors at 16 foreign ports and plans to send officers to a couple dozen more. The goal is to work with local customs departments to inspect suspicious containers before they're shipped to America. The customs bureau is also advising several thousand shippers, brokers and manufacturers how to tighten up a supply chain that enables people around the globe to fill containers with whatever they please and, in effect, mail it to the United States. As even the shipping industry acknowledges, this is the major weakness of the system. "The carrier doesn't load the container," says the World Shipping Council's Koch. "It dispatches a container, and the container comes back several days later with a seal on it. The most obvious vulnerability is not containers being tampered with in transit. It's what's put in the box in the first place. It's like the government trying to find out what's put in every sealed letter given to the post office."

WORRIES ABOUT THE SECURITY of the container system surfaced in the early 1990s, when Flynn, among others, pointed out that it was increasingly being used to smuggle drugs, guns and people. In 1998, Flynn first noted that terrorists could exploit the container system to attack the United States. Officials and other security experts began to take that possibility very seriously after 9/11. And topping their list of doomsday scenarios is Al Qaeda using a container to slip a nuclear device into the United States. Would customs inspectors, with current technology, be able to detect a small nuclear weapon hidden in a container? Customs officials, including McCabe, say yes. But some nuclear physicists disagree, saying that a few pounds of shielded, weapons-grade uranium would not give off a strong radioactive signature. "Seeing enriched uranium inside a large, seagoing cargo container is an exceedingly difficult problem," said Stanley Prussin, a nuclear engineer at the University of California at Berkeley. "There is a wide range of possible cargo loads that would make it very difficult to detect this material." To be sure, smuggling uranium into the country isn't enough to make an explosive nuclear bomb; that is a considerable technical task requiring expertise in nuclear science and access to other technology.

U.S. government-sponsored scientists are working on new technologies to improve detection of radioactive materials. At the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in Livermore, California, researchers are testing a device that bombards an object with a stream of neutrons, which can penetrate heavy shielding and react with nuclear material. The question is whether scientists can adapt the technology to use in scores of port terminals. "We are actively working to try to develop a methodology that will offer a thousand times greater probability of detection than we have now," said Prussin, who is a consultant on the Lawrence Livermore

As the world economy grows, the number of containers shipped to Los Angeles and Long Beach may double over the next decade, putting pressure on Coast Guard patrols (left) and customs officers (Paul Puletz, checking a box label, and Dave Light).

project. "Whether this can be done in a practical way, I don't know."

But experts contend that the best way to keep a nuclear, chemical or biological weapon out of a United States-bound container is to overhaul the shipping system.

Flynn praises Customs and Border Protection for gaining a beachhead in foreign ports by posting inspectors there. But that presence, he argues, must be expanded so that mom and pop container operations are routinely scrutinized and even trusted shippers are periodically checked. Right now, overseas customs operations are understaffed, and customs requirements are largely voluntary. "To get where we need to go, you've got to create incentives and disincentives for the Wal-Marts and Targets and GMs to essentially insist that all the people in their food chain take adequate security precautions and they can track and monitor material," says Flynn. "The core problem is that everybody knows that customs has no capacity to go and check." Large manufacturing and shipping operations, like those used by major American companies, may well have to hire security personnel and inspectors to ensure that no one tampers with their shipments.

Security officials also foresee "smart containers" that feature radiation detectors, tamper-proof electronic seals and GPS units to alert dispatchers when containers are diverted. Smaller shippers would be encouraged to use such technology and to pack containers at supervised sites. Those who comply would see their shipments expedited and would undergo fewer inspections at U.S. ports. Those who don't comply would face delays and mandatory inspections in the United States. "The only way that you're going to get better behavior upstream is to inflict pain, and that means lots of inspections," Flynn says. "If you fail the test in terms of compliance, you're going back in that slow lane for six months. You've got to have a heavy hammer as well as an incentive system."

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Such measures would involve spending a great deal more on port security and the creation of a large group of overseas customs inspectors—the equivalent of a Foreign Service for the Department of Homeland Security. Flynn, author of the soon-to-be published book *America the Vulnerable: How the U.S. Has Failed to Secure the Homeland and Protect Its People from Terror*, is not alone in calling for new initiatives. The General Accounting Office reported last summer that the customs bureau had fallen short, not allocating sufficient manpower or devising effective oversight procedures in its overseas port inspections. So far, the administration has spent about $350 million on port security—a fraction, critics say, of what is needed. The U.S. Coast Guard estimates that $1.5 billion will be needed for port security improvements in 2004.

Most shippers and manufacturers have voiced a willingness to comply with tougher security measures. "The industry is supporting these initiatives because it recognizes the need to build a security infrastructure before a terrorist event," says Koch of the World Shipping Council. In the event of an attack, a more stringent security system might allow investigators to find the weak link quickly and reopen American ports in a matter of days rather than weeks, saving billions of dollars. That said, not even a beefed-up container network would be immune from terrorism. The volume of containers flowing into the United States is simply too large. "Are we ever going to be invulnerable?" says Adams of the customs bureau at the Los Angeles-Long Beach ports. "No. The only way we'd ever be invulnerable is to shut down the border and become a police state, and then [the terrorists] have won."

IN A HIGH-RISE glass building in Long Beach, a customs inspector named Keith Perteet spends his days in front of a computer attempting to fathom whether the tools for America's next terrorist attack might be hidden in one of the 65,000 containers that pass weekly through the Los Angeles-

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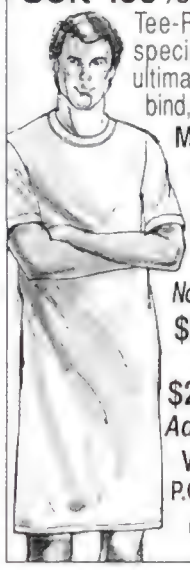

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Long Beach ports. Perteet, a 42-year-old Navy veteran hired in the aftermath of 9/11, scrolls through the electronic invoices received from incoming ships, looking for "anomalies," such as odd addresses or fuzzy descriptions of cargo. Sliding across his computer screen are the fruits of globalization, things Americans hardly seem to make anymore: cardigan sweaters, shoes, tights, plastic bags, ceramic tiles, marble urns, lighting fixtures, furniture, DVD players.

On the front line is Paul Puletz, a 31-year-old former marine known as one of the most aggressive customs inspectors in Los Angeles-Long Beach. Tall, well-muscled, with closely cropped dark hair and a goatee, the native Virginian wears wraparound sunglasses, a 9 millimeter automatic handgun and black boots polished to a high sheen. He is in the habit of addressing people as "sir" or "ma'am." As we stood on a Los Angeles dock near a freighter the length of three football fields, a crane—its operator ten stories above us—lifted containers and placed them on yellow-cabbed trailer trucks, which shuttled them around the immense storage yard. Puletz, who has taken antiterrorism courses and studied captured Al Qaeda training manuals, was reflective. "The bad guys have very deep pockets and they are on the offensive," he said. "Seeing the Al Qaeda handbook, what surprised me was how much their organization is like the military. They're not just a bunch of desert dwellers. They're extremely intelligent. They believe in what they're doing. And they're patient."

After spending two days with Puletz as he scanned containers with a gamma-ray machine, inspected boxes of goods, and instructed recruits how to board and search freighters, I came away impressed that he can muster enthusiasm for his job when, day after day, he does not find anything bearing on the bureau's main task these days: fighting terrorism. "If I go home every night and I've made it through another day without something happening in the harbor," he says, "then I'm happy." ○

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REVIEWED BY GLORIA EMERSON

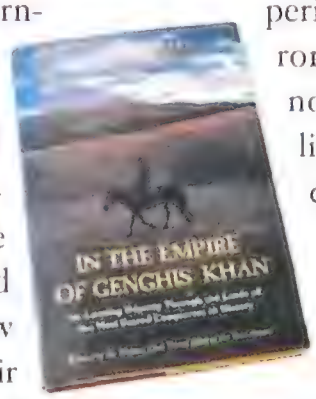
On the grasslands (where children are put on horses almost as soon as they can walk), the author found a world "apparently undisturbed since 1200."

IN THE EMPIRE OF GENGHIS KHAN

BY STANLEY STEWART

LYONS PRESS, $24.95

THE MOST FEARLESS travel writers expect suffering, and usually they get it: inedible food, bloodthirsty mosquitoes, lice, exhaustion, hostile weather, vicious winds, mutinous muscles, burning thirst and cultural collisions. Seemingly happy in adversity, this hardy breed recounts such ordeals with insouciance, if not humor. If the writers are of a poetic bent and cause us to care about the new terrain and its inhabitants, their books are often splendid. This is the case with Stanley Stewart's *In the Empire of Genghis Khan*. Stewart, who is Irish, departs London for Istanbul and from there journeys to the homelands of the Mongols, where he travels 1,000 miles. As someone who became infatuated with travel writers of the British Isles upon reading *A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush* by Eric Newby 30 years ago, I found this book to be a huge treat.



The Mongols never struck me as more than a rapacious horde, but thanks to Stewart, my view has changed. He writes: "Genghis Khan . . . was . . . a nomad who viewed settled societies from a position of cultural and moral superiority, with suspicion, with horror, and ultimately with pity. To nomads, men and women who live in cities suffered a kind of debasement."

At the height of the Mongols' power, their territories embraced China, Persia, Afghanistan, Central Asia, parts of India and the Caucasus, until "all of Europe held its breath awaiting the Last Trumpet." Then, the Mongols turned around and headed home: a new leader was to be elected and the nomad-warriors did not want to miss out on that.

As for present-day Mongolia, Stewart finds it a "vast medieval world of nomads . . . apparently undisturbed

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since 1200." On an arduous leg of the journey, an elderly Mongol rider accompanying Stewart unceremoniously delivers an assessment of the writer: "You have no home, no family, no commitments. You are the outsider. That's why you have come to Mongolia. To be an outsider in your own land is more difficult." Stewart has no quarrel with the appraisal: "Camped in this high valley of tents and horses, the old man could see that I was the only figure adrift."

The People's Republic of Mongolia, Stewart reports, emerged as the first and most slavish of the Soviet Union's client states; today, in the country's urban centers, the dead hand of 70 years of Communist rule lingers. But away from the wretched towns and cities, this highly observant writer has great fun. A description of a nomad wedding, in which the families and friends of the bride and groom, drunk and bellicose, assault one another, is hilarious. "The brawl came to an abrupt end with a strange good grace," Stewart writes. "No one seemed to consider a wedding punch-up odd. . . . I was happy to fall in with this consensus and decided this mixture of camaraderie and violence . . . was a rather healthy business. It cleared the air nicely."

GLORIA EMERSON is a former New York Times *correspondent based in New York City.*

GENTLEMEN'S BLOOD: A HISTORY OF DUELING

BY BARBARA HOLLAND

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THE AUTHOR'S engaging survey (which grew out of her 1997 article in SMITHSONIAN) ranges across 1,000 years of the ultimate conflict resolver, tracing courtly combat from the relatively benign (in 1700s France, the philosopher Voltaire challenged a nobleman, who failed to show at the appointed hour—but did have the young intellectual thrown in jail) to the tragic. In 1804, the showdown between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton cost the first secretary of the treasury his life. ○

Reviewer SY DALY is based in Boston.

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LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

zine, I say thanks for letting the country remember. To Mr. Clancy, I say stick to fiction.

STEWART SARKOZY-BANOCZY
ALANSON, MICHIGAN

LOYALTY TO THE PLEDGE

"THE PLEDGE'S CREATOR," by Jeffrey Owen Jones, points out that Francis Bellamy composed the Pledge of Allegiance after the Civil War, which only a few years earlier had torn our nation apart. Bellamy's reference to "one Nation indivisible" is a stirring statement, needed today as much as then. The words "under God" weaken that statement by disrupting the cadence and introducing a concept unrelated to allegiance to the flag. Values such as honor, duty, loyalty, kindness, trustworthiness and good will are not religious values, but ethical values. The pledge should reflect that distinction.

DONALD T. SANDERS
MADISON, CONNECTICUT

MR. JONES speculates about what Mr. Bellamy's response would be to the addition of "under God" to his original pledge—a premise I can't agree with. Mr. Bellamy, a former minister, didn't need to add a reference to God because in his time God was a given.

ANNA O'NEILL
[illegible]

THE FOLLOWERS of several denominations, including the Church of God, the Mennonites and the Jehovah's Witnesses, have at various times declined to recite the pledge. We should remember that religious people can oppose being required to say the Pledge of Allegiance, with or without the words "under God."

ROBERT J. O'BRIEN
BUCKHANNON, WEST VIRGINIA

AGONY AND ICHTHYOLOGY

THE OLD DEBATE over whether fish feel pain ("Ouch!") just won't go away.

Maybe fish do feel pain, if they are injected with enough acid and venom, which is what the researchers did in the study you reported. But these poisons can never be compared with a fishhook. Besides, predator game fish like trout (used in the study) eat pinching crawfish, biting insects and spiny baitfish. Largemouth bass will eat live mice. I once caught a walleye that had a whole sunfish, with the spines of its dorsal fins erect, lodged in its throat—but that walleye still attacked my lure. If fish can tolerate these things every day in order to feed and survive, then I cannot believe that the prick of my hook is cruel in any way.

BRYAN DENT
BELLEVILLE, ILLINOIS

I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT it was a foregone conclusion that killing an animal by piercing its flesh and allowing it to suffocate would cause significant discomfort to it. Professor James Rose (a University of Wyoming zoologist who says in the article that fish really don't feel pain) should know better than to make statements incompatible with basic biology simply to defend a favorite pastime.

DAVID E. SHEPARD
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

THE ARTICLE IS RIGHT that catch-and-release fishing has claimed the sport's moral high ground. But the approach has never deserved its lofty reputation and is increasingly under attack. Stressing and sometimes killing fish for the fun of it is animal abuse. The fisherman who fishes only for food has the morally superior position.

JOHN NELSON
SOLDOTNA, ALASKA

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Smithsonian (ISSN 0037-7333) is published monthly by Smithsonian Business Ventures, P.O. Box 37012, MRC 951, Washington, D.C. 20013.

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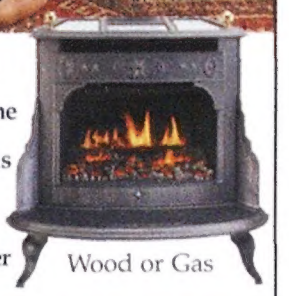

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Say Again?

Priceless wisdom that changed my life

BY GREG DAUGHERTY

HOME FROM THE WAR in Europe in 1945 and about to ship out to the Pacific, my father was having drinks with his mother and sister at the Brown Derby restaurant, a famous Hollywood hangout. Dad's sister, the glamour girl of our family, was conspicuously pregnant—except from the back. And that was the part of her that humorist Robert Benchley, seated nearby, was happily ogling. When my father pointed this out, his sister turned to acknowledge Benchley, who took note of her condition and, without missing a beat, made the funniest remark any of them had ever heard.

Don't look for this tale in any of the books about Benchley and the Algonquin Round Table, however. Nobody in my family could later recall what Benchley said.

For a family that has never been famous in its own right, we seem to have encountered more than our share of those who are. And unlike many people, we don't become tongue-tied in the presence of fame. Ear-tied is more like it, or memory-tied. We seem to have a genetic gift for not getting any satisfying anecdotes out of these celeb sightings. You know, the kind of story where the famous person takes your hand and offers a bit of priceless wisdom that changes your life. The kind you could sell to *Reader's Digest*.

During a long career as an Associated Press reporter, my grandfather got to know most of the presidential candidates of his time. He covered Franklin D. Roosevelt starting with his unsuccessful 1920 vice presidential candidacy, and eventually knew FDR well enough to have had a bitter falling out with him. By the time the great man was in the White House, his name was not to be uttered in my grandfather's home. What was *that* all about? Darned if I know.

In fact, not a single presidential quote survives in our family stories, unless you count "Go down in the cellar," which is what Warren G. Harding said to my then 3-year-old father during a visit with his dad to the presidential nominee's home. My father had asked if there was somewhere he could go potty.

And it's not just my father's side of the family. My mother's father knew Amelia Earhart when he worked for an oil company that was apparently one of her sponsors. Another maternal relative knew the young Charles Lindbergh before he flew the Atlantic. Perhaps they could have compared notes on the famous aviators. That is, if anybody had bothered to keep notes.

Ernest Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, James Thurber, George S. Patton, Dwight Eisenhower, Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland, Norman Vincent Peale, Roberto Clemente: I can hardly buy a commemorative postage stamp these days that I couldn't supply a fuzzy family anecdote to go along with. If I could remember any, that is.

Of course, there may have been mitigating circumstances. In the case of Patton, my father had a war to fight; even the most vivid prebattle pep talk must be less memorable than the fact that you might get your head shot off the next day.

Then there's the whole notion of fame, which seems a far bigger deal today than it was in generations past. Once it may have sufficed to come home and say you'd met a famous person that day or perhaps seen one go by in a buggy. Now the goal seems to be to get something juicy enough for *People* magazine or for your own memoirs.

Maybe a certain lack of creativity has been my family's problem all along. Whenever I hear a too perfect famous-person anecdote from a friend or colleague, I can't help but wonder if it has been "surgically enhanced," much like today's celebrities themselves.

So I have resolved that should I happen to meet a famous person, I will immediately take notes or, if at all possible, use a tape recorder. If my kids want stories to share, they will have them.

For example, there was the time when some high-school buddies and I sneaked into the box seats in Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium when the Pirates were playing the Mets. Yogi Berra was coaching for the Mets then, and we engaged him in conversation. I can still hear his voice and my friends' laughter, and I'm sure he treated us to Yogi-isms aplenty. Now if only I could remember what he said. ○

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